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MAY 8th 2006

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COVER: AARON HARRIS/CP (LEFT), GEOFF PUGH/DAILY TELEGRAPH (ABOVE), MACLEAN'S

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MILLION-DOLLAR DECISION: What do they think of their school choice?

# Letting university students speak up

Fifteen years ago, *Maclean's* introduced an innovation that has become an annual institution: the *Maclean's* University Rankings issue, published each November. The franchise grew when, a few years later, we created the *Maclean's Guide to Canadian Universities*, an annual encyclopedia of higher education that is on newsstands year round. And in a little over a month, we'll be presenting the newest member of the family: the first annual University Student issue. It graduates from our newsroom on June 19.

The University Rankings issue has always focused on assessing the quality of universities by the numbers: class sizes, entering grades, reputation, budgets, faculty quality and so on. In the language of the academy, the Rankings issue is about "inputs." But the University Student issue will be all about outputs. This is where students will have their say. What do they think about their university? What can prospective students, parents, and university administrators learn from that?

As we discovered when we published our first Rankings issue a decade and a half ago, Canadians are hungry for knowledge about higher education. A person with a university education can expect to make about $1 million more over a lifetime than someone without. That makes the decision to go to university the most important investment that most of us will ever make. And yet it is a decision that is, in many respects, made in an environment of information scarcity.

If you're thinking of buying a new car, you can easily find all you need to know about the models you have in mind: resale values, reviews, specs down to the last millimetre, consumer surveys of quality. The same cannot be said for an 18-year-old trying to choose among Canadian universities. He or she will discover more questions than answers.

Which is why, as part of the University Student issue, we created the *Maclean's* University Graduate Survey. A majority of Canada's universities have agreed to participate in this scientific survey of up to 4,000 randomly selected, recent graduates per university from the classes of 2002, 2003 and 2004. These former undergraduate students are being contacted by their alma maters, and invited to take part in our short, Web-based study. They are being asked questions about their satisfaction with their university experience, and their impressions of the quality of the education they received.

Not all Canadian universities have chosen to participate in this study. Some have argued that they already take part in comprehensive surveys of student satisfaction. And indeed, they do. Those surveys provide extremely useful data to university administrators, allowing them to work at improving life and education on their campuses. But the rub is, those surveys are generally not made public. They aren't available to students, parents, prospective students and taxpayers. On June 19, we hope to change that. Watch this space. M




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Nancy Macdonald

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George Sanjczuk (Library Technician)

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ONLINE SERVICES PUBLISHER
Pamela Chan (Pinelucs)

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To search our archives, *www.macleans.ca/search*

BY PHONE
To comment on the magazine: (416) 764-1786

BY MAIL
*Maclean's*, 11th floor, One Mount Pleasant Road, Toronto, Ont. M4Y 2Y5

Editorial department: (416) 764-1338, Fax: (416) 764-1332

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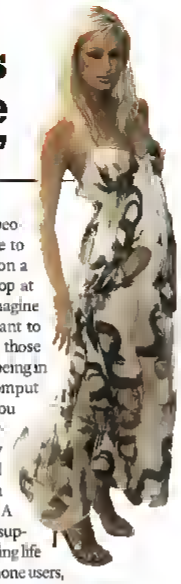



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# 'Another week, another Paris Hilton picture. If I wanted to see her, I'd buy a fashion magazine.'



## DOCTORS IN THE HOUSE

The fascination with the changing landscape of Canadian health care and its privatization continues with your informative guide ("Complete user's guide to private medical care in Canada," Cover, May 1). The increasing private offering of health services and the changing definition of what is medically necessary (and affordable from a public policy perspective) have created an environment of uncertainty for both public and private providers. For the first time, we are seeing the acknowledgement of the public purse's inability to pay for services many would consider necessary. Governments and particularly those formulating public policy must create an atmosphere of co-operation in which the private sector can contribute in the most complementary ways to a strong public system of health care delivery. Constructive dialogue without labels is essential to offer the most universal and accessible care tempered by the constraints of fiscal realities.
*Dr. Peter Anglin, Medical Director, Provis Infusion Clinic Inc., Toronto*

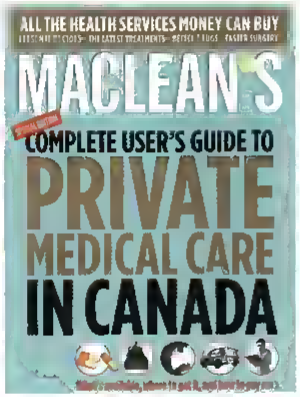
I'm sorry—where did these excellent doctors in your story receive their medical training? At hospitals funded by the public health system? And just where do they visualize the training of future medical students to take place? You might ask the head of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada if this is considered to be a problem.
*Dr. James Battershill* (retired),
*North Vancouver, B.C.*

The article on private health care is the ultimate informative, neutral article that purposely and rightly so avoids taking an ideological stance. This article is long overdue. Great job. How has the response been so far?
*Dr. Jeffrey Brock, Med Extra,*
*Saint Laurent, Que.*

If the rich feel that they are opening up a spot for the rest of us by paying for their health care, they are sadly mistaken. Where do they think all the doctors and surgeons are coming from? The public sector, of course. This only leads to longer waiting lists for the public. This sense of entitlement of the rich is hard to take—I thought we Canadians were better than that.
*Mary Goerzen, Waterloo, Ont.*

## 'CONFLICTING TRUTHS'

The lead paragraphs of your article "Rideau Hall radical" (National, April 24) contain an error. They assert that in my film *La Maniere Negre* (1991), my wife and I are shown raising toasts with Quebec separatists. In fact, I do not appear in the film. It does contain a toast to "independence, singular and plural," proposed by one of the participants in a filmed round-table discussion. [Michaëlle Jean was a participant.] It is your thesis that




Rideau Hall is occupied by a radical. My films are not catalogues of personal prejudices. Rather, they attempt to question these very prejudices. My method is to strive for close proximity to my fellow human beings, to their stories and to history itself. In my most recent film, the American fugitive is confronted above all with his own life story. From his isolation in Iran, he speaks what he believes to be his truth, but it is not necessarily the truth. The result is a portrait of often conflicting truths that may be unpleasant—even difficult—to hear. My work in cinema over the past 23 years is pedagogical and philosophical. It places the burden of critical choice upon the viewer. And that, I believe, is the essence of democracy.
*Jean Daniel Lafond, Ottawa*

## LOONS AT THE COTTAGE

In her story about taking office work to the cottage ("You call this working?", Home, April 24), Barbara Righton quotes one man who links up cottages to satellites as saying, "Up until a few years ago, people went to the cottage to relax." I have a place on a lake. I leave my desktop at work. I don't want to imagine paddling a canoe, I want to paddle a canoe. As for those who are frightened by being in the woods without a computer, I say, what makes you think you are so important? If you were hit by a moose today, would your whole corporation shut down tomorrow? A tool like a computer is supposed to make my working life easier. And to you cellphone users, turn the volume off. I want to hear the birds.
*E. Donald Lahaise, Hammonds Plains, N.S.*

## PARIS IS BURNING

Another week. Another *Maclean's*. Another picture of Paris Hilton ("When the shoe doesn't fit," Bazaar, April 24). If I wanted to see Paris or the shoes she wears, I would subscribe to some fashion magazine.
*Tessie Mazi, Niagara Falls, Ont.*

## REJECTION AND RISK

I fail to see why the issue of treating people with certain behaviours should be so controversial ("Overeaters, smokers and drinkers, the doctor won't see you now," Health, April 24). Any surgical procedure is performed on the basis of risk vs. benefit. If the risk is too great, or the chance for success is too low to justify the risk, procedures are not performed. People with chronic conditions such as heart disease, kidney disease, lung disease and other ailments are often turned down for surgery, not because we discriminate against them but because of the risk-to-benefit ratio. If excess risk or lack of benefit is due to a modifiable behaviour, a patient should be thankful. He or she can do something to lower the risk and obtain the needed surgery.
*Dr. George M. Burden, Elmsdale, N.S.*

The rejection of patients who are victims of their lifestyle choices doesn't make any fiscal sense in our medical system. These medical orphans will simply present to emergency centres with advanced disease requiring hospitalization and care by specialists who are much more expensive than family doctors. In addition, the burden of human suffering will only worsen. What is equally disturbing is the use of excuses to avoid managing difficult patients with real medical problems.
*Dr. Raj Bhanot, Sherbrooke, N.S.*

## HOLD YOUR HORSES

In the article on Queen Elizabeth ("She keeps on going and going," Society, April 17) Rosalind Miles refers to the occasion in 1981 when blanks were fired at the Queen during the Trooping the Colour ceremony. She states that her "terrified horse bolted off in total panic, and only a miracle of Elizabeth's horsemanship saved her neck." That is not true. The horse in question was Burmese, who had been given to the Queen by the RCMP in 1969, and for 18 years until 1986 was the Queen's mount in the Trooping of the Colour annual parade. According to *The Horses of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police*, written by William and Nora Kelly in 1984, Burmese only jumped forward—she did not bolt and was not terrified. It is too bad that Miles preferred sensationalism to the facts.
*Jean Bristowe, Canmore, Alta.*

## MEAT EATERS, YOU STINK!

There is no place for the sort of caveman mentality Brian Bethune writes about in his story about modern-day hunter gatherer Steven Rinella ("Try the stingray, with the bear loin," Taste, April 24) or the idea that such a man could woo his vegetarian girlfriend with a new take on scavenged food. This is more like psychological abuse. I don't know any vegetarian woman who would make herself ill just to appease a man, unless her self-esteem was zero. I dated a chef who cooked foie gras and boiled lobsters alive. A couple of years into the relationship (and shortly after becoming a vegetarian), I kicked him to the curb. Who wants to kiss someone with rotting flesh on his breath and cruelty in his heart?
*Nadine Saunders, Vancouver*

## CORRECTIONS

An article in the Feb. 27 edition, "The Northwest Blockage," erroneously stated that U.S. Ambassador David Wilkins had recently referred to the Northwest Passage as "neutral waters." The phrase was attributed to Mr. Wilkins by media accounts. Mr. Wilkins was misquoted and said only that the U.S. "does not recognize Canada's claims to those waters."

In the item on Chinese President Hu Jintao ("The week ahead — Hu's in Washington," 7 Days, April 24), *Maclean's* published a picture of Lien Chan, former chairman of the Chinese Kuomintang party of Taiwan, and his wife. *Maclean's* regrets the errors.

MACLEAN'S
EDITOR
KENNETH WHYTE

ASSOCIATE EDITOR, BUSINESS
Deborah Trapani er

Advertising Sales
Toronto (416) 764-1300
adsales@macleans.ca

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# Those Brits are barking mad

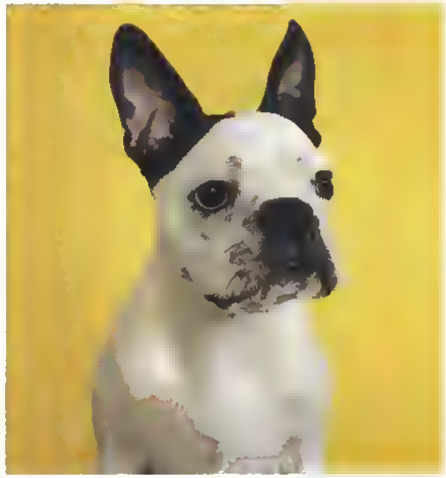



The European Convention for the Protection of Pet Animals is must reading. The Eurocrats want to breed super races. They don't like the bowed legs of the basset hound, the protruding eyes of the King Charles spaniel, or the teeth of Persian cats. They want to breed away the long ears of the bloodhound and "set limits to the shortness of skull" in Persian cats. If it is not possible to "eliminate severe defects" of some breeds, they want them "discontinued." Not only does the convention outlaw such practices as the docking of dogs' tails and dew declawing, but it also has new "values" for the maximum and minimum weight and height of various breeds. Sieg Heil Brussels! The Euro pet is on the way.

In this spirit, last month the British Parliament voted to outlaw the docking of dogs' tails in a new Animal Welfare Bill. "Docking" is the practice of cutting off or shortening tails. Historically, dogs' tails were docked because they were believed to cause rabies or because owners saved money: no taxes were demanded for cropped dogs because they were assumed to be working animals. Today, docking is probably done largely because breed standards require it and tradition has ingrained it. The various kennel associations demand or prefer docked tails for their shows. Owners have a sense of how a dog should look. The Old English sheepdog, if not a natural bobtail, would look rather weird wagging a long tail, and the Doberman less ferocious with its long thin bony tail and un-cropped floppy ears.

Docking's supporters see it as preventative medicine, saving dogs from tail injuries and some breeds from hygiene problems. Considered good animal husbandry when done to sheep, docking could get owner and vet a prison term and fine if done to the family poodle when this bill is law. Like Brussels (which is very keen on neutering), the British bill says you can remove a dog's testicles in order to make him less raunchy, but not an inch of his tail. It goes without saying that I think the British law is nonsense and likely an ass.

After a fuss, the British bill added an amendment allowing "working dogs" to be docked. This was presented as a sensible compromise to countryside traditions. As far as I can see, the only beneficiaries are the army, rescue services and the British police force, which lobbied most effectively. It wants its spaniels and sniffer dogs cropped. Since the bill requires cropping to be done in the first five days of a dog's life, it's unlikely any ordinary folk can take advantage of this exemption. Who can swear that a pup five days old will become a working dog? In the event individuals actually manage to get their terrier pups



**Any dog who has had his tail caught in a car door would tell you he wished he had no tail**

cropped, they can forget about entering them in kennel shows. The new act forbids showing cropped dogs.

I love animals, law, and liberty, though not quite in that order. My own two dogs have not been docked, though we live next to a ravine, which means their tails are a night mare of burrs and their hygiene is high-maintenance. But if I wanted to dock them, I ought to be free to do it, which in Canada I'm happy to say, I am. I'm not certain for how long. I think it reasonable to conclude that there is no stupidity blowing in the wind we will not sooner or later pick up.

That's why what appears to be so petty a subject is worth watching. Legislating what you can do with your pet's tail shows that few things are below the radar of the intrusive state. Am I free to read what I want? Not if the regulators label it obscene. Can I simply get in my car and drive carefully? Nope, put on your seat belt and make sure the car lights are on 24/7, year round. When at home, no watching *The Sopranos* on illegal satellite signals from the States. Let us rejoice that we don't yet have to pay taxes for being over- or underweight.

Personally, I think the non-therapeutic docking of dogs unnecessary. In the real world, a dog's life seems okay with a tail. "Of the thousands of dogs I've seen over 13 years," veterinarian Dr. Jonathan Bloom of Willowdale Animal Hospital in Toronto told me, "only two or three had injured tails."

Though five-day-old puppies can't be given an anaesthetic for docking, the U.K. Department for Environment, Food and Rural Affairs (DEFRA) conceded that the pain was so minimal as to be insufficient as a reason for prohibiting the procedure. Puppies do cry when it takes place, so they clearly feel uncomfortable. Still, they return to their litter and suckle happily when docking is done by a proper vet. But, as there is no possibility of polling dogs for what they want—doubtless any dog who has had his tail caught in a car door would tell you at that moment he wished he had no tail—the decision must be made by someone else. This, by the by, is no different than the looming battle over circumcision of male babies where, obviously, the baby can't make an informed decision. You see the same sort of vocabulary too: circumcision for non-medical reasons is barbaric, or in the words of McGill professor Margaret Somerville, "criminal assault."

In my world—a rapidly fading one—such decisions are personal, made for reasons that include utilitarian, aesthetic, cultural and religious considerations. Since they have to be made by someone, I think it best they be made by the dog's owner or the child's parent rather than someone in Brussels, Ottawa or some committee on ethics. I think, though, I'm barking to myself. M

GETTY IMAGES







# How some of the locals rate the Britannia Mine clean-up.

For a century, few living creatures could survive near Britannia Beach in Howe Sound. Now, a new treatment plant is capturing heavy metal pollution and neutralizing acid levels in water from the abandoned Britannia Mine.

Before the facility was built, 12 million litres of contaminated mine water entered Howe Sound every year. Among the 60,000 kilograms of heavy metal pollution deposited annually was enough copper to make 70 million pennies.

Faced with one of North America's largest sources of water pollution, the Government of British Columbia selected EPCOR for the job. Within eight months of signing a project agreement, EPCOR and its partners had the treatment facility up and running. Today, a century of pollution is coming to an end. To learn more, visit epcor.ca.

EPCOR





ANDY CLARK/REUTERS

## STORY OF THE WEEK—A SOFTWOOD SETTLEMENT

**After five years of back-and-forth legal battles, Canada and the United States finally reached an agreement to end the softwood lumber trade dispute. Canada gets a refund of US$4 billion in penalties collected by the U.S., gets free access to the American market as long as prices remain high, and agrees to collect an export tax if the market falls. The news was welcomed by the struggling lumber industry, and by all Canadians tired of hearing about the interminable fight.**

## Good news

### Beyond the flag

Ottawa politicians traded cheap shots last week over the Harper government's refusal to lower the flag on the Peace Tower to half-mast in honour of four Canadian soldiers killed in Afghanistan. While it's sad to see a symbol of solemn mourning demeaned by political bickering, the whole controversy has revealed a deep concern among Canadians for the welfare of our troops in Afghanistan, and a sincere desire to see their sacrifices properly recognized. Our armed forces have been underfunded and underappreciated for far too long.

### Death of the Canadian peso

Last week, the Canadian dollar hit the highest level in 28 years, and contrary to the shrill and constant warnings of manufacturers, the world kept turning. The loonie hit a high of 89.45 U.S. cents, driven by booming commodity prices and expectations that the Bank of Canada will continue to raise interest rates. While exporters have seen their profit margins squeezed by the strong currency, Canada's economy continues to expand, and unemployment is near 32-year lows. More importantly, a few cents higher and it'll be safe to head back to American outlet malls.

### Brangelina slept here

*People* magazine reportedly shelled out US$700,000 for a series of pictures featuring Brad Pitt, a pregnant Angelina Jolie, and their two children, Maddox and Zahara, reclining in the sand dunes of Namibia. But the actors were not the only ones to benefit from the transaction. Officials of Namibia, a southern African nation not widely noted for its tourist amenities, say the country has never before experienced this level of international publicity. Hopelong Iipinge, the Namibian ambassador to the United States, says he is keeping his fingers crossed that the Jolie-Pitt baby is born on Namibian soil. The resulting press, he says, would accomplish "what our tourism board budget cannot do in a year." Unfortunately, most of the resulting visitors so far have been paparazzi, notoriously bad tippers.

## Bad news

### Nuclear chicken

The United Nations' nuclear watchdog agency last week formally confirmed what most of the world already suspected: Iran has enriched uranium and is now in defiance of the UN Security Council. Evidence continues to mount that Iran has no intention of abiding by international demands that it abandon its nuclear program. Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad said he doesn't "give a damn" what the world thinks about his atomic program. If only the UN would be as strong in its response.

## FACE OF THE WEEK



**GAME OVER** After six years coaching the Vancouver Canucks, Marc Crawford was fired when his team failed to make the playoffs.

### Quiet revolution (II)

A new proposal from the Quebec government is calling for the province's high schools to be more inclusive and "less political" (or anti-Anglophone) in their teaching of Canadian history. Now that Quebec is bringing its education system into the global era, maybe it can turn its attention to the excesses of its language cops. L'Imperatif Français, for example, has filed hundreds of complaints in recent months against "delinquent" companies who failed to include French on websites, video games and home appliances.

### Desperate in Darfur

On Friday, while prominent political, religious and Hollywood activists were orchestrating rallies across the U.S. to draw attention to "genocide" in Darfur, the UN's World Food Programme (WFP) announced it will cut its daily rations to the war-torn Sudanese region by 50 per cent due to a critical funding shortage. Beginning in May, over six million people will have to make due with only 1,050 calories per day, half the average minimum required for survival. A WFP spokesperson blamed "donor fatigue" for the cuts, saying the program's US$746-million operating budget, collected internationally, was cut to total only US$238 million this year. Canada, for example, has reduced its contribution from $20 million last year to just over $5 million—a quarter of the annual expenditures of the office of the Governor General.

### Air travel's last stand

Last Wednesday, the Air Travel Price Index, which measures quarterly passenger fares in the U.S., announced that increased jet-fuel costs have pushed airfare to a five-year high. Meanwhile, Airbus announced it is considering introducing space-saving "standing seats" in the back of its planes for use on short-haul flights—which, we imagine, would provide an experience tantamount to public ground transportation at 300 times the price. U.S. satirist Andy Borowitz suggested an even more economical solution on his website, *borowitzreport.com*: passengers in overhead bins. "Since they'll be stuffed up there for the duration of the flight," he points out, "we won't have to give them peanuts."

### Still no HBO

HBO, not yet licensed in Canada, is renowned for its brilliant stand-up comedy specials—and this Saturday should be no exception. *Inappropriate Behaviour* stars up-and-comer Mike Epps, whose confrontational style has drawn comparisons to Chris Rock. The one-hour show includes bits on celebrities in prison and grown men who are afraid of the boogie man. Sounds like it could be funny, but we'll have to ask one of our American friends. M



## A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF KING GYANENDRA

**The bumbling Nepali monarch made a humiliating retreat on television by giving in to huge pro-democracy protests that had virtually paralyzed the Himalayan nation. Gyanendra, who dissolved parliament in 2002 and last year assumed absolute power because he said politicians had failed to deal with Maoist insurgents, yielded to popular demands for elections, ending crippling nationwide strikes and often-deadly protests that brought the nation to a standstill.**

## THE WEEK AHEAD...THANKS—FOR THE MEMORY

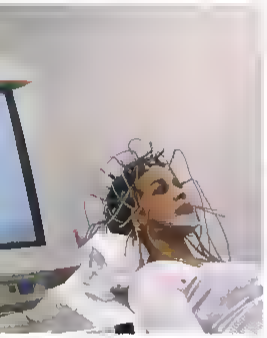
**Britain's embattled Prime Minister Tony Blair's troubles may spill over to Labour candidates in this week's local elections. Meanwhile, B.C.'s lieutenant governor visits the native community of Hartley Bay to present an award from the Governor General for villagers' rescue of passengers when the ferry Queen of the North sank in March. And a computer hard drive maker ships the world's first 750-gigabyte disk—unprecedented capacity, enough to store the contents of 10,000 CDs.**



### DISCOVERY

#### Alexander didn't

It turns out that Alexander the Great did not found the Egyptian port city named for him. It had pre existed for two millennia. Alexandria's harbour has yielded samples of mud that bear evidence of a telltale signature of human plumbing, fishing and shipbuilding: the presence of lead. The samples show increases in lead levels not only in Alexander's time, 330 BCE, but between 1000 and 800 BCE and again between 2686 and 2181 BCE.



THOUGHTS: New passwords?

#### Potent milk

AGG01 is the name being given to a compound that may prove to be 100 times more effective than penicillin. The potent compound would be a formidable opponent to bacteria, including so-called superbugs, which are antibiotic resistant. And what's the source of this substance? The milk of wallabies. Biologists found the compound while studying how the young marsupials build resistance to disease.

#### Think your password

Carleton University researchers have proposed a new kind of computer password that will make not only typed ones obsolete but also retina and fingerprint scans. Computers would read users' thoughts to determine whether they should be granted access. Brainwave signatures, or "pass-thoughts," would be based on the evidence that every person has different electrical patterns, even when thinking the same thoughts.

#### Junk DNA

Gene mappers have coined the term "junk DNA" to refer to those parts of the human genome that don't seem to have a use. But last week, scientists wrote in the National Academy of Sciences' journal that a math technique used to find patterns in vast amounts of business data revealed "motifs" in the DNA. After examining six billion letters in the non-coding regions, they suggested that junk DNA may have an as-yet unknown function.

#### The lower crust

The earth's crust is up to six kilometres thick and it's never been pierced by researchers drilling into it to reach the mantle below. But a new attempt, which bored more than a kilometre into the crust, has discovered a new layer. In 2002, geophysicists chose a theoretically thin spot in the crust, beneath the Pacific Ocean west of Costa Rica. Last week they revealed they have a core sample showing not just oceanic crust but a long-elusive layer of "gabbro" coarse-grained volcanic rock formed when magma below the crust cools. The core sample promises to reveal hitherto unknown information on how the earth's crust forms.



ALEXANDER: Late arrival

### WILD KINGDOM

#### Big thirst

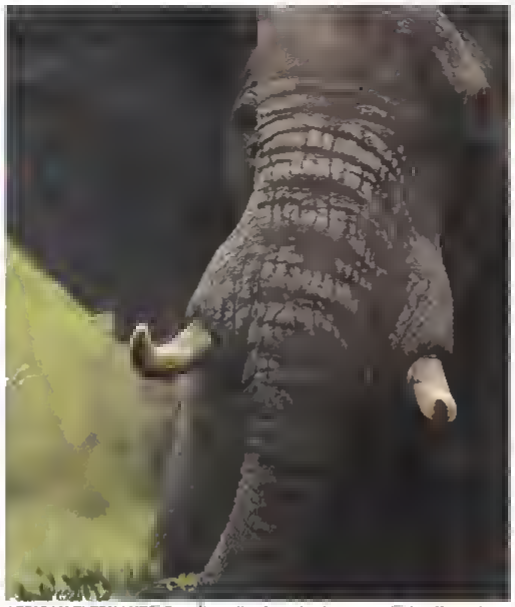
Although the drought in East Africa has killed thousands of people and thousands more domestic animals, the region's population of elephants seems to have scraped through. Their numbers have scarcely changed, thanks, wildlife experts say, to their ability to cope with prolonged droughts. Only very young and old elephants succumbed to the arid season. Among them was Stella, a 62-year-old pachyderm who struggled to keep up with her family's trek from Kenya to Tanzania. Wildlife officials have taken up naming 1,400 of the region's 30,000 elephants to make it easier to keep track of them.

#### Equal apes

Spain's leftist PSOE party wants to introduce a bill in parliament that would give simians the same rights as humans. The draft bill argues that, for example, humans share 97.7 per cent of their genes with gorillas, and states that simians "should have the same moral and legal protection that humans currently enjoy." The proposal has met with widespread derision, including that of the archbishop of Toledo, who described it as "making oneself look ridiculous in the name of progress."

#### Big Mama lived a lie

Uganda's oldest crocodile, Big Mama, was euthanized on April 21 after failing to recover from an undisclosed illness. The 52 year-old reptile had lived in Entebbe's Uganda Wildlife Education Centre since 1957. Surgery last year to correct organ degeneration revealed that Big Mama was actually a male.



AFRICAN ELEPHANTS: Despite a disadrought they seem little affected

### MORTALITY

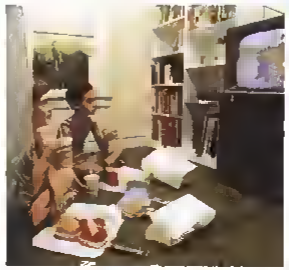
#### Joint fears

A mosquito-borne virus is spreading across populations around the Indian Ocean, causing severe pain and even death. Known as *chikungunya*, it causes fever, headaches, nausea, rash, and severe joint pain, giving rise to the nickname "knuckle fever." It usually lasts a few days, but can linger for months. A third of the residents on the island of Réunion have contracted the illness, and the first-ever death associated with it has been recorded.

### KIDS TODAY

#### High-fat TV

One consequence of children's television watching is increased caloric intake. American researchers have found that for every hour of TV that children watched, they ate the equivalent of a bag of chips. A 20-month study of 548 children with a mean age of 11.7 found they hoovered 167 more calories of food for every hour of TV they watched each day.



KIDS AND TV: A calorie link

### MONEY

#### The cost of children

In 2004, it took $166,700 to raise a child in Canada from birth to age 18, according to a report by the Canadian Council on Social Development. A third of that amount gets spent on child care. In addition, the cost of education-related materials that parents have to pay for directly has been rising. In 2002, two-parent families spent an average of $1,464 on materials, a rise of 23 per cent since 1999.

#### Travel pitfall

Don't get drunk, fall off a high-rise building and expect your travel insurance to cover you. It didn't for 25-year-old Cape Bretoner Jason Campbell, who plunged seven storeys from his Puerto Vallarta hotel balcony while intoxicated. He broke his pelvis, both legs, and suffered internal injuries and brain swelling. Mexican doctors declined to treat him after his travel insurance provider refused to cover treatment of injuries sustained while drinking.

### POLL WATCH

#### Sin of envy

The Zogby polling organization recently asked Americans if they'd ever envied a neighbour or friend for owning something they didn't. Among respondents under the age of 30, 55 per cent said yes, while among those over 65, 15 per cent had property envy. And people who identified as liberals were more likely to be envious than conservatives: 45 per cent vs. 32 per cent.

### IN OTHER NEWS

#### Crash-prone

A Croatian postal worker has demolished 33 cars in 23 years. "The first car I crashed was my father's Audi when I was 16," says Franjo Pozgaj. "I once totally wrote off a new Renault just 20 minutes after I bought it. I just seem to have bad luck with cars." Pozgaj is hoping to end his smashing run of bad luck by learning to ride a bicycle.

#### Pastry shell

A Welsh pub was evacuated last week after it was discovered that the owner's mother liked to roll out her pastry dough using an artillery shell from the Second World War kept on the premises. "I never dreamed they could be dangerous," said pub owner Cyril Davies, who said his father had kept the ordnance as a souvenir. Bombs experts examined the shell and judged it harmless.

#### Sealed-off beach

Residents in San Diego are experiencing their own dispute over baby seals. The animals leave feces, bacteria and debris at a well-known kiddies' bathing cove. Since arriving in the late 1990s, about 200 harbour seals have turned the beach into a pupping ground, prompting the federal government and city council to close the area to humans between January and May. Beach-loving residents such as Don Perry make protest visits every day, despite warnings to stay away because humans cause skittish seal mothers to abandon their cuddly young. "These animals are not the delicate creatures they are made out to be," he says.

### IN PASSING

Steve Stavro, 78, businessman and sports club owner. The Macedonian-born grocer built a small Toronto store into a large regional chain, which enabled him to buy the Toronto Maple Leafs from Molson's in 1991. He added to his sports empire, which included a racehorse stable, by gaining control of the Toronto Raptors NBA team as well as the Air Canada Centre arena. In 2003, unable to meet creditor demands, he sold his share in Maple Leaf Sports & Entertainment.

**Jane Jacobs**, 89, urban activist. The transplanted New Yorker made Toronto her home, helping to guide local urban planning along more humane lines. She was most famous for her book *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*.



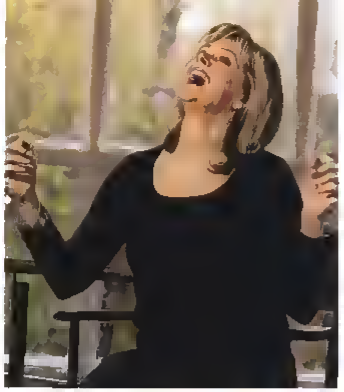
JACOBS: Humane cities

**Bonnie Owens**, 76, country singer. The daughter of sharecroppers, she is credited with helping foster the "Bakersfield Sound," a twanging version of country that originated in the inland California city. She met and married Buck Owens in 1948, but the marriage failed after a few years and she later married another country superstar, Merle Haggard, who praised her unique voice. "Once you hear her talk," he said, "You'd know her in the dark 300 years from now."



CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: AJPHOTO/PHOTO RESEARCHERS; GETTY IMAGES; CHRISTOPHER WAHL; CORBIS; GETTY IMAGES







# 'There is this attitude of expecting to come into the big job straightaway. It's not laziness. It's more: entitled.'

## DESIGNER, PAINTER AND TELEVISION PERSONALITY DEBBIE TRAVIS TALKS TO LINDA FRUM ABOUT THE WORK ETHIC OF TWENTYSOMETHINGS

**No one could ever call Debbie Travis lazy. A former model, raised in an affluent family in England, Travis moved to Montreal when she met her husband, a Canadian television producer. Travis has fashioned an international career as a designer, painter, author, television personality and producer. If there's anything this mother of two teenage sons cannot abide it's a poor work ethic, a notion that inspired her new TV reality program, *From the Ground Up*, in which 12 languid young Canadians are challenged to build a house from scratch.**

**Q** *Let's begin with the premise of your new show. You believe the generation of twentysomethings is a bunch of slackers. How did you first come to notice this?*

**A:** I employ quite a number of young people on many different television shows that we produce. And about three years ago I started to notice a problem with attitude. I guess this will make me sound like my mother, but when I was an intern I was always so passionate and excited. Whereas the young people who worked for me had this attitude that if they were told off, or if they made a mistake, they would just leave. Or, if they had graduated from film school, they really expected that after two hours they would move straight to directing. There is this attitude of expecting to come into the big job straightaway. They are the highest-educated generation we've ever had, so I think slacker is not the right word. It's not laziness. It's more: entitled. It's not expecting to pay their dues.

**Q** *So what's your theory on why it has become like this?*

**A:** Some of the kids on the show explain it by saying "We were the generation that was mollycoddled. We were given so much self-esteem. We were never told that we were wrong. Either at school or by our parents or at university." And so it is a shock when they come out of university and they get a job and they are working the photocopying machine for a few years. Also—and I don't want to be a party pooper—but at the age of 29 they act the way I did at age 19. They make their money to spend on the club scene.

**Q** *You also believe this generation has made an error turning up their noses at jobs in the skilled trades. Are you really suggesting that there are greater rewards as a plumber than as a lawyer?*

**A:** What I'm saying is there is more opportunity. We have an overabundance of lawyers and a shortage of good trained people in the trades. There is an enormous building boom going on. And the shortage of trades is affecting business. If we don't train people, who is going to be building these homes? I'm not saying to any kid: "Don't go to university because you'll be better off as a plumber." What I'm saying is we are pushing everybody now to go to university and some kids may be better off going to trade school. We closed down the trade schools 15 years ago in high schools. I don't know what it's called in Canada, but in Britain I went to what we called "shop" when I was 15 or 16. I wasn't very academic and I was put into knitting. But I'll tell you something: I am never cold and I make a very good sweater. But it was either Latin or knitting and I was frogmarched off to knitting. You were made to feel so small. You really were the dummy in the class. I think what we have to do is bring the trades back with pride. I'm proud of using my hands. I've come a long way by being a painter. And I became a painter because I couldn't get a job in production in this country because I didn't speak French and I was living in Montreal. I just feel it's a very healthy option because in this decade, and probably the next, it's where the jobs are.

**Q** *You say that the young people on your show lack a work ethic. Is that something you can teach them at this stage in their lives?*

**A** What I'm trying to get across is that I can't teach them to be a master carpenter or master plasterer in five weeks. That's impossible. But what I am trying to teach them is that there are people out there who are very passionate about the job they do. One episode is about respect. We brought in some of the best tilers in the country. And there was this old Italian man who is 76 years old and sings opera while he's working—they started to mock him. And I got very upset. I don't know if it's the Britishness in me, but to me it's like looking at the teenage boy on the bus who doesn't stand up for the old lady. There's this man. He's passionate. He loves what he does. He's come out of retirement just to show you his passion. Now you may take that passion into another world. But so many kids today don't have that passion. When we did our casting interviews—we interviewed about 5,000 to 7,000 kids—lots of them didn't have it. And they wanted to know how to get it. I'm just trying to teach them, yes, there is an opportunity in the trades. They don't all have to go into the trades. But they should be passionate about what they do. And that's what the viewers will be voting on at the end. Not who has the best ability but who has the best attitude.

**Q** *So unlike some other celebrity reality TV show hosts, you are on a social mission?*

**A:** There's a radio station in Toronto called the Edge. It's very popular with young people. I went on that radio station just before the casting call in Toronto. And I thought—oh my God, these DJs, they are really young and they are going to slam me. And the guy told me that they ran a local competition to train the next DJ at the Edge—which is the No. 1 hip radio station for young people—and one guy won. And he was there for two hours, and they sent him to Second Cup and he never came back. So they also think there is a problem. If kids don't like something, they move on. And you know, in my generation, people understood that life is boring. There are times in your first job, your second job, your third job, when it is bone-chillingly dull. And you know what? You have to get through that.

**Q** *Is the problem that our society is too affluent? People have no incentive to put up with dull work?*

**A:** Well, you know what? My kids are teens. And they will do homework with music blaring, the Internet going, Game Boys and machinery all around them and I'm thinking how do they focus? Life is moving much faster for them. Everything is immediate gratification. And then, when they go off to their first jobs, they're bored. And they don't want to be bored so it's: whatever. I'm out of here. I think I'll go to Thailand again.

**Q** *Now you sound like my mother. She knew that she had one of the greatest jobs in Canada. But she would tell me that even her job was boring at times because that's just the way jobs are. And while she accepted that as normal, she too was frustrated by a younger generation that didn't seem to understand that...*

**A:** Well, exactly. She was the best of the best but it didn't happen overnight. To get to where you want to be, you struggle, you push, you work hard, and you get through the boring bits. That's why on the first show we made the kids do the gofer work. They rip out the nails from the wood. They clean up the porta-potties. They rake the land. They do the disgusting work. Because that's what happens.

**Q:** *Is this a gender neutral issue? Are males and females equally disinterested in hard work?*

**A:** Yes, I think so. But what is interesting is, we found it very hard to get ethnic people on the show. The second-generation Canadians, who did not come out to the casting call, they are the ones who are working. Especially the Indian population. They have to make their parents proud.

**Q:** *So what should parents of young children do differently to prevent this from happening to the generation that follows next?*

**A:** I remember when I came to this country and the things I used to do with my kids. In Britain, people are very verbal. My mother used to say things like: "If you don't behave I'll wipe the floor with you." I remember saying that to one of my kids in the supermarket and I was almost carted off by social services. My kids would come home with a drawing or something—and I think it's okay to say: "That's good but next time maybe you should make the sun yellow instead of black." But I found that my friends wouldn't do that. They would say: "Oh my God. You are absolutely perfect. You are going to be the next Picasso." And this would go on all through their lives and I think that's ridiculous.

**Q:** *We coddle our children too much? We give them too much?*

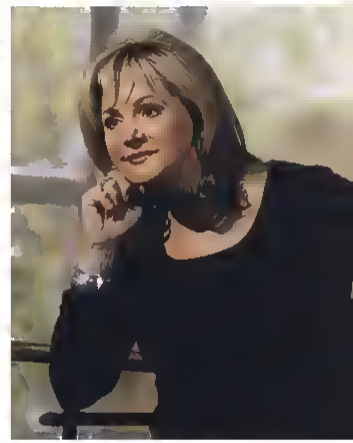
**A** Yes. And we have a generation of kids who have been raised by two working parents—and I'm a working parent—and sometimes it is easier, on the way to a restaurant, to buy your kids a box of Lego to keep them quiet. Well, when I was a kid that Lego box would be my birthday present.

**Q:** *Two weeks ago I interviewed a writer, Caitlin Flanagan, who said it's important for us to give children their chores back.*

**A:** Oh yeah. Last October I asked one of my sons to rake the leaves. And we actually filmed it. Because it took him 19 hours to fill a bag. It's the funniest piece of footage you've ever seen. He had every excuse, from lying all over the lawn to his cellphone constantly going off. And I said: "You don't come inside until it's done." And we just put the camera on the kitchen table and filmed it. It was dark by the time he was finished. Finally, he filled the bag and went to bed. If we can get teens watching this show, maybe we can get them to admit that, yes, there is a problem. There was a school in Oakville, Ont., that actually did a tour of the house at the beginning. Because the teacher there was bringing back a trades program and she didn't have one person apply. She brought two or three different grades to come and look at the house and by the end she had 29 kids.

**Q:** *Are Canadian kids especially soft? Or is this a Western phenomenon?*

**A:** The only countries I really know are the U.K., America, and Canada. And yes, it is exactly the same thing. But we've also sold the show across Europe. In Belgium they said, "Oh my God, it's even worse here." So I think it's a phenomenon. Yes. And especially in countries like Italy, where the trades once were very respected and now, no young people want to go into them.



**'I asked my son to rake the leaves. We actually filmed it. Because it took him 19 hours to fill a bag.'**

**Q:** *I remember seeing a documentary recently on the Murano glass industry in Venice and how it is in peril because there are no young Venetian craftsmen interested in doing that kind of hard work anymore.*

**A:** I just don't think young people realize that there is an amazing sense of accomplishment working with your hands. I want to get it across that there is pride and honour working in the trades. And even if you're not interested in the trades, bring passion into whatever you do, and stick with it. M

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTINNE MUSCHI

# HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND NOT BE A LOSER

**Reinventing a political party is hard work, and the first step is usually admitting there's a problem. The Liberals aren't so sure.**

BY JOHN GEDDES

For shameless flattery, it's hard to top a politician addressing the party faithful. Rank and file members can reliably expect to be lauded as the backbone of democracy. Their efforts are nothing short of heroic, especially if accompanied by regular cash contributions. They're family. (Cue the balloons and streamers.) Against this grand tradition of ingratiation, the best lines from Brian Mulroney's speech to the Tory leadership convention on June 10, 1983—the day before he beat Joe Clark to take over the party—stand out in sharp relief. "Why is it that when we put on our hats as federal Conservatives," Mulroney asked, "everyone in the country says we are a bunch of losers? Why is it? And this has been confirmed on more election nights than we care to remember."

Of course, he quickly moved on to explain why Conservatives really were, despite all the losing, winners. It was just that they hadn't yet found the right formula to convince voters. As it happened, Mulroney came bearing just the prescription for success, so he closed on the traditional upbeat note. But it was that stinging phrase—*a bunch of losers*—that hung in the air. Tories needed to hear it. In fact, for any party languishing in opposition, a cold splash of self-awareness is a good starting point for change, maybe an indispensable one. The tempting alternative is for partisans to cast their election defeats as moral victories and mere temporary setbacks. In that warm state of denial, many parties have sunk into long stretches of powerless torpor.



CHRETIEN told the Liberals they had to take economic deficits seriously

Federal Liberals are now trying to decide how badly they lost on Jan. 23—and how badly they want to do something about it. Those who are inclined to be upbeat focus on the 103 seats they won. By any measure, that's a respectable opposition contingent. Optimists figure Paul Martin's replacement stands to inherit a solid enough base in the House for the party to bounce back quickly. Less sanguine Liberals feel a deeper sense of foreboding. Especially after last week's softwood lumber deal, they fear that Prime Minister Stephen Harper will carry momentum going into the next election. To deny him a second win, maybe a majority, worried Liberals say they need more than a new leader—they have to present a thoroughly retooled brand.

They could do worse than rereading Mulroney's 1983 blueprint for a Conservative revival. After labelling them losers, he told Tories, in that pivotal convention speech, how to win. His plan had two themes: unite the party and reach out to strategic voting blocks. To end ruinous infighting, Mulroney made a concrete and very public pledge to install his leadership rivals and their key advisers in big roles. He made good on the promise. "I need you," he told Don Mazankowski, who had plotted to the bitter end to block Mulroney from winning the leadership, in a phone call early on the morning after the convention. He later gave Clark the coveted post of foreign minister. Paul Martin, on the other hand, when he took over as prime minister, froze out many Jean Chrétien loyalists and even allowed Sheila Copps, who had mounted a hopeless leadership bid against him, to be humiliated by losing the nomination in her Hamilton, Ont., riding to one of his crew.

Next only to party unity, Mulroney emphasized strategic coalition-building. He highlighted two glaring gaps in the Tory base: francophone Quebec and urban immigrants. Convincing French Canadians and new Canadians to vote Tory, he said, was "the challenge of this generation for the Conservative party." These remain key strategic constituencies nowadays, though they represent a different sort of challenge for the Liberals now. Recovering from their collapse in francophone Quebec after the sponsorship affair stands as arguably their next leader's biggest test. As Liberal MP John McCallum said late last week, "If we don't make progress in Quebec we won't be in government until the 22nd century." Holding urban strongholds with large ethnic community votes in Toronto, Vancouver and Montreal is another key challenge, as is trying to roll back Tory gains in eastern and southwestern Ontario.






MULRONEY called Tories 'a bunch of losers' Rae (above) warns about big ideas

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: CP, RICK MADONIK/TORONTO STAR, AFP, MACLEAN'S

So the basic outlines of Mulroney's approach remain relevant. But for many Liberals, healing internal rifts and identifying the voters they need to target isn't as intriguing as recasting policy. Those with long memories hold up the legendary 1960 conference at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., convened by Lester B. Pearson, as the Liberal renewal template. Tom Axworthy, who heads the Queen's Centre for the Study of Democracy, is now spearheading a sprawling Liberal policy rethink featuring more than 30 task forces, from Frank McKenna's on Canada-U.S. relations to Justin Trudeau's on engaging young people. Axworthy is inspired by the Kingston confab, which is credited with setting the social policy direction for the Pearson era. Other party insiders cast back only as far as the 1991 conference in Aylmer, Que., which doesn't carry the cachet of Kingston, but set the centrist, voter-friendly policy tone that launched Chrétien's long run as prime minister.

**IN 1983, MULRONEY TOLD THE TORIES THEY HAD TO UNITE THE PARTY. TODAY'S LIBERALS SHOULD LISTEN UP.**

The Aylmer conference was part of a wider reorientation of liberal parties in the English-speaking world at the time. Conservatives had dominated American, British and Canadian politics through the 1980s. Their rivals on the left all shifted to the centre in response—and electoral success followed. Working through the moderate Democratic Leadership Council, a little-known Southern governor urged U.S. Democrats in 1991 to move away from leftist special-interest politics and embrace the cause of "the very burdened middle class." Bill Clinton soon reclaimed the centre, and the White House, for Democrats. In Britain, Tony Blair took over Labour declaring that business would be as important to him as unions, and soon after excised a highly symbolic clause from his party's constitution that dedicated it to old-school socialist notions like "common ownership of the means of production." He was bound for 10 Downing St.

Aylmer was where Chrétien pulled leftward-drifting Canadian Liberals to the centre. They had lost a draining, emotional campaign against free trade three years earlier, and the deficits and inflation of the Trudeau era meant they were seen as dubious economic managers. "We knew that we had to bring back people's sense of confidence that the Liberal party was fit to govern, that we weren't clinging to things that we'd run several previous elections on," says Chaviva Hosek, who became Chrétien's policy chief, and is now president of the Canadian Institute for Advanced Research. Chrétien told Liberals at Aylmer that they must accept economic globalization and take deficits seriously. He assigned Hosek and Martin to draft the platform that became known as the Red Book, which lent the Liberals an aura of moderate policy coherence during his triumphant 1993 campaign.

It might be tempting for Liberals now to try to duplicate the way Chrétien, Clinton and Blair overhauled their parties. But times have changed, and figuring out the correct strategic repositioning might be trickier today. While edging right to recapture the centre was essential in the early 1990s, many Liberals seem to put a higher priority now on shoring up their left-of-centre base, partly to hold off a revived NDP. But that risks ceding the middle-class mainstream to Harper's Tories. "All this talk among Liberals about we've got to be left wing, we've got to be centre-left, is somewhat delusional, certainly dangerous," says Peter Donolo, who was Chrétien's director of communications. "Liberals should not deal away their credibility as financial managers that was built up after 1993."

While leadership candidates like Michael Ignatieff, Gerard Kennedy and Ken Dryden are all staking out centre-left turf, their stances are still more a matter of rhetoric than big, visionary policy ideas. Perhaps the closest thing to a defining issue is child care, where Dryden oversaw the push for a national day care strategy as a Martin cabinet minister. Global warming is another issue on which Liberals could set themselves apart from Conservatives. Big social policy and environmental pushes might suggest to voters that Liberals are rallying around an ambitious, activist federal agenda, around creating an Ottawa that's not afraid to get in the faces of provincial premiers.



BILL CLINTON managed to pull the Democrats together—and into the centre

At least one candidate, Bob Rae, himself a former Ontario NDP premier, has warned against that sort of positioning. Last week, he said Ottawa must be seen "not as a nanny, not as a scold, not as Big Brother, Big Daddy, whatever." In an echo of Clinton's famous declaration a decade ago that "the era of big government is over," Rae said, "The federal government is there to help facilitate change,



BLAIR (second from right) said business should be as important to Labour as unions

to be a constructive partner, and to have sometimes the fiscal capacity to help make things happen. The days of heavy centralized bureaucracies running big programs, those days are gone." That sort of talk has some Liberals viewing Rae, the converted former socialist, as staking out a position slightly to the right of other big names in the leadership pack.

The leadership race might seem like the obvious place for Liberals to sort out how they want to take on the Tories. But some restless Grits have seized on the lost election as an opening for freelance bids to influence the "progressive" side of the policy debate. New think tanks have sprouted. The most high-profile attempt to jump-start discussion will come in a mid-June conference at Mont Tremblant, Que., called "Canada 2020." Among the international speakers slated to attend are economist and anti-poverty crusader Jeffrey Sachs, and former U.S. vice-president Al Gore, now a campaigner for action on climate change. The Canada 2020 meeting is officially non-partisan, but many of its organizers are Liberals, and former Chrétien cabinet heavyweights John Manley and Anne McLellan are co-chairs, along with businessman François de Gaspé Beaubien.

Donolo is on the Canada 2020 advisory board, and thinks the two-day gathering stands a better chance of airing real policy differences than any process hitched formally to the party or its leadership race. Despite calls for fresh thinking inside official Liberal circles, he says the imperative for party unity must trump any urge to argue. He describes the party's equivocal aim as, "Let's debate, but not disagree. Let's be vigorous, but not controversial." As well, in a crowded leadership field with no front-runner, candidates are looking to stay on good terms with each other—hoping for second, third and fourth ballot support at the December convention. In that climate of tactical civility, the race might be marked more by politeness than bracing exchanges about how to recast the party. "The rubber won't hit the road until there is a new leader," Donolo says. "He or she will drive the real renewal."

**'THE RUBBER WON'T HIT THE ROAD UNTIL THERE IS A NEW LEADER. HE OR SHE WILL DRIVE THE RENEWAL.'**

By then, the Tory government will be nearly a year old, and its prospects for re-election will be easier to handicap. If Liberals see Harper as vulnerable, they might merely tinker with their machine. But if he appears formidable, the question is whether they will be ready to change fast—or if they will need to experience another defeat before they are ready to hear, as Tories were in 1983, that they look like losers and must do something about it. M

FOR THE RECORD

**A MATTER OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE GRIEF**

"If it were my son in that box, I would want the country to see me and to understand the level of my grief, and to show the honour of those boys taken off the plane."—Christine Wood, the mother of a Canadian soldier, on the Harper government's decision to ban the media from the repatriation of soldiers killed in Afghanistan. Her son, Adam Scegmiller, formed part of an honour guard that received the caskets from a returning transport aircraft.

# The latest health tip

## Save medicare by looking after No. 1

BY BARBARA RIGHTON • Canadians need to do their part to stay healthy, and that includes quitting smoking, a new poll says. More than one-third of Canadians, in fact, believe that smokers should be given a lower priority in the public health care system, according to survey results from a *Maclean's* Canada 20/20 Online Panel. The poll was conducted by the Innovative Research Group, and follows the magazine's April 24 cover story, "Overeaters, smokers, and drinkers: the doctor won't see you now." In the survey, which polled 3,759 people, eight out of 10 delivered a strong message on two points: those who rely on the public health care system have a responsibility to maintain their own health and, if the government doesn't solve childhood obesity, the public health care system will be overwhelmed.

The cover story reported that some doctors refused to treat smokers and were reluctant to perform certain procedures on the obese. Dr. Ruth Collins-Nakai, president of the Canadian Medical Association, says, "For the most part, medical personnel do not punish people for having bad lifestyles." On the subject of joint replacements in the obese, for example, Collins-Nakai says physicians may choose not to operate because of the risks involved. Still, she admitted, "The idea of turning smokers down is new." In the poll, men and Conservative supporters were most likely to say that smokers deserved a lower priority of care.

However, many Canadians are conflicted on the issue. Innovative's Greg Lyle summed up the poll's response: "In theory, Canadians say we need to stay healthy, but they are not ready to hold people accountable." When they were asked, should we *not* provide priority health care to those who don't look after themselves, 55 per cent disagreed. As for exercise, Canadians were ambivalent. Only 16 per cent said that people who exercise should get better treatment. Just 19 per cent said overweight people should have low priority.

Canadians will become more punitive, Lyle says. "They'll realize that as we increase our risk factors, we become a heavier burden." And then? "They will blame the government," Lyle predicts. "That's the Canadian way." M

ON THE WEB *View poll results and analysis from the Canada 20/20 Online Panel survey at* www.macleans.ca/health

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STAR POWER She'd be one of the most famous people ever to run for president

GETTY IMAGES

# TOUGHER THAN BUSH?

## President Clinton, if she wins, may be less to our liking than we think

BY LUIZA CH SAVAGE • She hasn't said she's running yet, but strategies to defeat Hillary Clinton's 2008 presidential bid are already being drafted A 10-point plan for conservatives to "Stop Hillary" and to block Bill from becoming "First Gent" is coming to bookstores next week It's part of an onslaught of roughly a dozen books about the New York senator scheduled to be published between now and the 2008 election, some from conservative publishing houses, and others by investigative journalists from the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*

But *Can She Be Stopped? Hillary Clinton Will Be the Next President of the United States Unless* — is not a biography, muckraking or otherwise It is an anxious call to arms by the *New York Post* columnist and neo-conservative scion, John Podhoretz, who believes Republicans aren't taking the Hillary threat seriously enough Podhoretz, a founder of *The Weekly Standard* magazine, worries that conservatives are so blinded by visceral dislike for Clinton they simply can't imagine she could win—and therefore won't take the necessary steps to defeat her "You need to stop lying to yourselves You need to stop having those conversations where you begin to doubt her strength as a candidate," he urges "If you had to bet on who the next president will be, the safest bet would be Hillary"

The 58 year-old Clinton regularly tops lists of likely Democratic contenders As of last



SHARING her Senate victory with Chelsea

week, she was leading the Democratic primary field, with 38 per cent support among registered Democratic voters, according to a poll for the political newsletter, *The Hotline* (The runner-up, John Kerry, drew 14 per cent support ) Its editor, Chuck Todd, called the depth and breadth of her support "daunting" for other potential Democratic candidates Bill Clinton's former White House spokeswoman, Dee Dee Myers, said last week that she expects Clinton to run and is writing her own timely tome, to be called *What if Women Ruled the World*

Hillary Clinton has two indisputable advantages fame and money She would be one of the most famous people ever to run for president, able to pick and choose when and where to step into the spotlight, when to speak, and when not to She's also got both the fundraising advantage of a presumed front-runner, and access to her husband's fundraising networks She is running for re election to the Senate in November and has already raised more than US$30 million for that race against little-known challengers. Whatever she doesn't spend can be transferred to the presidential campaign coffers. Podhoretz predicts she will raise anywhere from US$50 million to US$100 million by election day, and that alone may discourage many other candidates from taking her on

Of course, money isn't enough And while Clinton may be famous, she is also famously disliked. From that very first *60 Minutes* interview in 1992 when she held Bill's hand, dismissed rumours of his infidelities on the grounds that every marriage has problems, and proclaimed that she wasn't "some little woman standing by my man, like Tammy Wynette," she has simply rubbed some Americans the wrong way All that was before the Whitewater investigations and her doomed health care proposals Today, something like 40 per cent of Americans hold a negative opinion of her, Podhoretz writes The same *Hotline* poll that showed Clinton a favourite among Democrats also suggested that only 12 per cent of Democrats believe she could overcome Republican attacks against her.

Podhoretz disagrees, arguing that Republican enmity could even help her cause His analysis: the country is so deeply divided along party lines that any candidate of either party will automatically have 35 to 40 per cent of the country against him or her. So Clinton's inherent "high negatives" do not put her at a unique disadvantage. (Truly independent voters are down from 20 per cent in past decades to some seven per cent of the electorate today, he writes, citing George W Bush's chief political strategist, Karl Rove ) Attacks from the right, he says, will encourage the left to coalesce around her.

Podhoretz also believes Clinton can overcome the problem of her persona Her 2000 Senate campaign came on the heels of the Lewinsky scandal, which earned her some sympathy as the wronged wife Nonetheless, suburban women gave her a particular challenge In focus groups they described her as "self serving," "pushy" and "cold " But while that may turn off some soccer moms, Podhoretz predicts it will serve her well in a post 9/11 world A woman seeking the presidency, he writes, "needs to be cold. She needs to have a hard, almost unbreakable shell. She needs to seem unambiguously comfortable with wielding power, because she may have to go toe to-toe with Kim Jong Il " Calling Clinton's manner "almost pathologically unsexy," he concludes "If there was ever an American woman politician who could pass for a tough guy, Clinton is that politician "

With money, publicity and personality on her side, the Republicans' chief hope may rest on her ideology In the days of her husband's administration, she was perceived as a force pushing for the political left That is certainly how the political right, including Podhoretz, continue to see her "Hillary will almost surely use her time in the White House to advance frankly liberal or leftist ideas," he writes, ideas he sees as harmful to the economy and national security

Since she's been in the Senate, however, Clinton has time and again thwarted attempts to label her a liberal She has taken conservative positions on some key issues, and reached out across the aisle to partner with Republicans on legislation Canadians who were generally more comfortable with the Clinton administration than with George W Bush's might be less comfortable with Hillary Clinton, who shares some of the positions they find objectionable in Bush She supported the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, and voted for Bush's defence budgets She has since criticized the way the Bush administration entered into the war and its conduct, but unlike the liberal critics on the left who want American troops reduced or pulled out, she has called for increasing troop levels, and has said U S soldiers must not leave until the war is won She has also taken a tough stance on Iran Bush has come under fire for saying no option—including nuclear strikes—is off the table when it comes to dealing with Iran's nuclear ambitions Clinton told an audience at Princeton University in January "We cannot take any option off the table in sending a clear message to the current leadership of Iran—that they will not be permitted to acquire nuclear weapons."

**SHE SUPPORTED THE WARS IN IRAQ AND AFGHANISTAN. SHE'S EVEN TAKEN A HARDER STANCE ON BORDER SECURITY THAN BUSH.**



THE CLINTONS on the set of *60 Minutes*

Her stridency has not gone unnoticed by the political left Cindy Sheehan, the anti war protester, has derided her as "a political



STRIKE Bowling at a 2000 fundraiser

animal who believes she has to be a war hawk to keep up with the big boys " Members of the women's anti-war group, Code Pink, demonstrate at her fundraisers, and liberal activist actress Susan Sarandon has called her a "disappointment."

But Joseph Mercurio, a New York-based political consultant who worked on Bill Clinton's first gubernatorial campaign, says, "she's always been more conservative and centrist than her husband She may disagree with how the President is running the war, but she wouldn't disagree we need weapons systems, that it was the right idea at the time to go to war I think you would see that kind of position consistently—not simply because she's calculating a presidential run. You are seeing what she believes and I think that's how she would govern."

Clinton has also raised a stir for taking an even tougher position on border security than Bush. The New York *Daily News* reported last month that she favours building a wall along parts of the border with Mexico "A physical structure is obviously important," the newspaper quoted her as saying "A wall in certain areas would be appropriate " (She has, however, criticized a tough House bill that would turn immigration violations into felonies, and target employers and people who help undocumented illegals, saying it would criminalize "even Jesus himself")

And, speaking of the Nazarene, Clinton, like Bush, wants to make more room for religion in the public square She has been an advocate for increased freedom of religious expression in the workplace and government institutions—drawing criticism from gay rights groups fearing harassment or intimidation Clinton uses religious language in her speeches, and has called herself a "praying

GETTY IMAGES AP (TOP RIGHT)

person." While she supports abortion rights, she has also talked of finding "common ground" with the pro life movement, and promoted adoption. Mercurio points out that back in Arkansas, she helped her husband write legislation on parental consent for abortion for minors. And the largest recipient of funds from her political action committee has been Pennsylvania Democratic Senate candidate Bob Casey—a pro-lifer, albeit one in a key state.

While her supporters say she is expressing long held beliefs and values that reflect her Midwestern Methodist upbringing, Podhoretz dismisses her actions as the cynical political calculations of a senator "casting votes to keep herself viable." George W. Bush did the same thing in 2000, Podhoretz says, when the former Texas governor campaigned as a "compassionate conservative" and even criticized some members of the evangelical movement. Once in office, however, he consistently championed conservative causes and wore his religiosity on his sleeve. Podhoretz predicts Clinton will talk centrism, but through subtle winks and nods will communicate to her party base that, "She truly is one of them but needs to appear less ideologically driven than they are."

**HER STEELY PERSONA MAY TURN OFF SOME SOCCER MOMS, BUT IT WILL SERVE HER WELL IN A POST-9/11 WORLD, SAYS PODHORETZ**



CLINTON-GIULIANI 'Battle of the century'

And here lies the crux of Podhoretz's prescription for those who would slay Hillary: exploit the tension between the senator and the left of her party. Force her into talking and force her into voting—that will force her to take liberal positions and smoke out what he believes is her true self. The plan: GOP senators should bring up Senate resolutions on parental rights over their children, on the rights of hunters, and on property rights. They should make her vote against tax cuts on dividends, which help the rich, but also retirees in the key state of Florida. And they should propose a U.S. pullout from the United Nations, and force her to defend the UN. "The goal is to get Hillary to cast ideological votes," he writes, or to make her skip so many votes that she'll look like a truant senator.




IN SENATE she's dodged the liberal label

Much of the Podhoretz book, however, has to do with his fears about the Republicans. Without an incumbent president to rally around, he worries the party will split apart over issues like religion and immigration—even opening the door to a third party candidacy that could siphon off votes. He wants the party to put aside its ideological schisms, dispense with its social conservative "purification rituals," and unite around the single goal of defeating Hillary. A former supporter of the maverick Arizona Senator John McCain, who lost the Republican nomination in 2000 when religious conservatives turned against him, Podhoretz says McCain should "think long and hard" about whether to run, given that he could again divide the party.

He thinks the GOP ought to run a candidate like former New York City mayor Rudolph Giuliani. He squared off against Hillary in her first Senate run, and pulled out after a cancer diagnosis and the breakdown of his marriage. It's a dicey proposition. The pro-choice, pro-gay rights, pro-gun control and notoriously thin skinned Giuliani could have a tougher time in a Republican primary than Clinton would have in hers. Still, it would be an awfully good show. Or as Mercurio puts it: "That would be the battle of the century." M

**THE ISSUE IN...**

**CHINA: SOLDIERS NEED TO GET ALONG IN BED**

The People's Liberation Army is setting new criteria for admitting soldiers. Apart from using standard measures of height, eyesight and physical fitness, it will screen recruits for drug use and tattoos. And recruits who snore loudly will be banned from service because, as an official newspaper says, the sound "disturbs collective life." However, the paper didn't explain exactly how recruiters would screen out potential recruits.

# Dissed by an angel

## Three California women are on a crusade against illegal aliens

BY REBECCA ADDELMAN • In Orange County, Calif., a hub of monied Republicans, three middle-aged women spend their mornings face to face with illegal immigrants, doing everything to keep them from finding work. Dubbed "Gilchrist's Angels" after Jim Gilchrist, founder of the Minutemen—a citizens' group that patrols the Mexican border for people crossing illegally—Robin Hvidston, Deborah Sattler and Eileen Garcia are on a crusade to rid their communities of aliens—by targeting the people who hire illegal labour.

"If the jobs aren't there," says Hvidston, "then it would decrease illegal immigration to our country." Which is why she chooses to protest at day labour sites—usually street corners—where, across the U.S., 117,000 undocumented immigrants, most from Mexico, gather daily, looking for work. The Angels hand out flyers, sing *God Bless America*, and hold signs that read, "Employers exploit day laborers." When an employer shows up, they threaten to post his picture on *wehire aliens.com*. "We're extremely effective," says Hvidston. "As many as 90 per cent do not pick up a day labourer."

Pablo Alvarado, coordinator of the National Day Laborer Organizing Network, thinks the Angels are missing the real problem. "If they really want to address immigration," he says, "there are bigger players than day labourers. Day labourers are victims of unemployment and of a failed immigration system." Alvarado also points out that 50 per cent of the employers are homeowners, and 43 per cent are contractors who work for the same homeowners. "If there's so much animosity toward illegal immigrants," he asks, "why do people continue to hire them?"

There are some 12 million illegal immigrants in the U.S., most of them employed. On May 1, hundreds of thousands of them are expected to take part in a protest against groups like Gilchrist's Angels and anti-alien measures proposed by Congress. And other anti-immigration targets, whose companies are posted on the website, are fighting back. "They don't know if I'm hiring illegals or not," says Michael Amato, president of Lake Forest, Calif.-based Xmas Lights Installed. "This is slander. They're gonna be getting a lawsuit." Not that it'll faze Hvidston. Her dream? To see all 12 million head home. M

AP



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# CANADA'S RICHEST FAMILY, THE THOMSONS, ARE WORTH $23.8 BILLION

## . . . AND THEY'RE JUST A LITTLE BIT STRANGE

**An inside story of messy divorce, private eyes, a special baby, Botox, nanny dress codes, vindictive timing and fine art**

**BY ANNE KINGSTON AND NICHOLAS KÖHLER**

ON MARCH 10, 2006, Benjamin James Ludwick Thomson, the future Lord Thomson of Fleet and heir to the country's greatest fortune, was born in Toronto. Not a mention of it was made in mainstream Canadian media, not even a birth notice. Also unreported was the fact that little Benjamin's father, David Thomson, chairman of Thomson Corp., signed an application for divorce from his son's mother, Laurie Ludwick, that very day. A server arrived at the new mother's door with the papers three hours after she returned home from hospital.

In itself, the tale appears little more than a sad example of marital fragility. That, and rich fodder for dinner-party chatter at well-heeled Toronto addresses. But we've had previous glimpses of David Thomson's eccentricities: a historical Rosedale mansion purchased for $2.6 million in 1988 that was left to fall into squalor when the city scuttled his renovation plans, his dramatic pronouncements on the state of his soul—"I am absolutely compelled to follow my feelings, or I forfeit the right to live." So the story, fraught with dark Gothic symmetry, invites curiosity.

It also comes on the heels of a more public revelation involving Taylor Thomson, David's younger sister. That surfaced with the unsealing in February of a U.S. federal indictment charging Anthony Pellicano, the notorious Los Angeles private detective, and seven others, with 112 counts of racketeering, conspiracy and other charges. The case has been dubbed Hollywood's Watergate, given the industry insiders and celebrities dragged into its web—Steven Spielberg, Nicole Kidman and Sylvester Stallone among them. The indictment added to that list lesser figures: Michael Kolesa, the father of Taylor Thomson's child, and Pamela Miller, her former nanny, as targets in an alleged espionage operation by Pellicano, whose expertise Thomson had relied upon in at least one past court dealing. Taylor has denied authorizing any illegal surveillance.

The revelations suggest that the Thomsons, with assets estimated at $23.8 billion, are more troubled than we knew. That they should find themselves in tabloid-worthy exploits is ironic. As newspaper proprietors, they have avoided ownership of tabloids as deliberately as they've ducked media scrutiny. Sensational disclosures also clash with the Thomson-family mythology as modest penny pinchers, prudent deal-makers and benign barons of culture whose good works include the current expansion of the Art Gallery of Ontario.

The Thomson dynasty, now in its third generation, is as much a part of Canada's iconography as the Hudson's Bay Co., which the family once owned. Roy, Ken and now David Thomson have shaped our view of how Canadian money behaves. There's a certain comfort in seeing Ken, the country's richest man and father to David and Taylor, as kindly, unassuming, a collector of folksy Cornelius Krieghoff winterscapes who walks his own dog and compares prices at Loblaws.

Closer inspection of the Thomsons, the ninth richest family in the world according to *Forbes*, reveals a more complicated portrait of wealth. Their business holdings are a Chinese puzzle, with companies folded into companies. Most visible is the public Thomson Corp., a $28.7-billion global digital media empire administered from Stamford, Conn., with electronic databases in law, health care, science, accounting and education. Then there's Woodbridge Co. Ltd., the family's private holding company chaired by Ken Thomson, with assets that, pending regulatory approval, will include 40 per cent of Bell Globemedia, owner of the *Globe and Mail*, CTV Inc., 15 specialty channels and 15 per cent of Maple Leaf Sports & Entertainment Ltd. The family upped its BGM ownership stake in December, bringing them into partnership with Torstar Corp., the owner of the *Toronto Star*, BCE Inc., and the Ontario Teachers' Pension Plan.

Though the Thomsons are said not to meddle in the editorial content of their media holdings, ownership—and the allies that accrue—has its privileges. Both the *Globe* and the *Star* have followed the Pellicano scandal




PHOTO MONTAGE (FROM LEFT): TIBOR KOLLEY/GLOBE AND MAIL; DAVID WEILL/TORONTO STAR; ANDY SHAW/BLOOMBERG NEWS/LANDOV

KEN THOMSON (centre) with David and Taylor. Behind: Ken and Marilyn's home

**'GOTHIC DOESN'T EVEN BEGIN to describe it,' says a man who is close to the Thomson family. 'You have no idea.'**



**'DAVID BURNS A BRIDGE every two weeks and it's always reconstructed. Money does it. Everybody has a price.'**

LUDWICK walks her new baby. Thomson has moved out of their Rosedale home

Yet neither mentioned its connection to Taylor Thomson, one deemed newsworthy by both the *New York Times* and the *Los Angeles Times*. The *National Post*, meanwhile, splashed the story on its front page. Editors in the *Globe*'s newsroom debated whether or not to cover David Thomson's marital woes. That they didn't run a story isn't surprising—few media outlets, including *Maclean's*, would report on their proprietors' private lives.

That so little is known of the Thomsons can also be attributed to the privacy serum that surrounds them. Accounts of their lives, available in print, are missing from newspaper databases. The *Globe*'s photo department refuses to sell photographs of the family, referring calls to Woodbridge. The *Globe*, which has covered the business and personal travails of the Aspers and Blacks, has done little on the Thomsons beyond running a front-page image of one of Ken Thomson's Kneehoffs every Christmas.

An army of lawyers and accountants stands guard, many from the Toronto establishment law firm Torys LLP. John A. Tory, son of the firm's founder, has served as Ken Thomson's financial adviser and eminence grise for over 30 years. Torys alumnus Geoff Beattie, president of Woodbridge and deputy chairman of Thomson Corp., plays that role for David Thomson. In preparing this story, *Maclean's* made a formal request to interview Thomson family members. "Not gonna happen," said Beattie. Few will speak of the family, on or off the record. Those who did—even on the condition of anonymity—reported back to Woodbridge, boasts Beattie. Like a Victorian novel, the servants know all, but refuse to speak—unless in court-filed affidavits. "Toronto clams up when anybody has that amount of money," says a Toronto forensic accountant.

Theirs is a world where trust is illusive, motives are suspect and opportunists abound. Relationships are mediated by lawyers, litigation chisels away at personal relationships, private lives are defined as "exclusive property" in confidentiality agreements. Art is purchased to sit in vaults and paintings are held hostage in marital disputes. Homes are collected in clusters as if in a Monopoly game. Lawyers shred diaries. Nannies follow dress codes, down to what colours are permitted in which seasons. A father sits in a room among divorce lawyers refusing to look at his newborn just feet away.

In a culture obsessed with money, the Thomsons illustrate that wealth is not reflexively synonymous with power and happiness, it also can summon a sense of "helplessness," to quote David Thomson. "Gothic doesn't even begin to describe it," says a man close to the family. "You have no idea."

THE FIRST LORD THOMSON of Fleet arrived at his Mississauga, Ont., home in January 1964 triumphant but unsated. Days earlier, Queen Elizabeth II had announced his hereditary peerage. Now, surrounded by his adoring family, Roy Thomson held court for the press in his living room.

The son of a Toronto barber who built a $750 million empire from a string of tiny northern Ontario radio stations and dailies, Thomson relished the attention. He was comfortable with his wealth, though he also established the family's parsimonious reputation. Asked how he would be addressed henceforth, he joked, "I'll get 'Lord' or 'Sir' or 'hey you'." He boasted of his desire to own 200 newspapers, one of them in Toronto. So great were his ambitions that they would ensnare his offspring for generations. As he wrote in his 1975 memoir *After I Was Sixty*, published a year before his death: "David, my grandson, will have to take his part in the running of the Organisation, and David's son, too. For the business is all tied up in trusts for those future Thomsons, so that death duties will not tear it apart. ... These Thomson boys that come after Ken are not going to be able, even if they want to, to shrug off those responsibilities. The conditions of the trusts ensure that control of the business will remain in Thomson hands for 80 years."

That day in 1964, the next generations of Thomson men were distracted. Thomson's only son, Ken, ran to the phone for updates on the puppies being born to his Airedale, Jackie. David Thomson, then six, was also off in his own world, sliding down a banister. When the family gathered for a photograph, young David asked, "Are we going to be in the newspapers?" Replied his father: "No, nobody's going to put you in the newspaper—except your own."

Such insularity, and the resulting friction between their public and private worlds, would become a motif in the lives of the Thomson children—David, born in 1957, Lynne, who would later rename herself Taylor, born two years later, and Peter, born in 1965. In the monied Rosedale area, where they lived in a Georgian mansion, there was a sense that they were other. "It was a different world," says a former neighbour of their retinue of servants, chefs and gardeners. Rosedale was more socially variegated then than it is now, home to high school teachers as well as old money. Ken and Marilyn Thomson's fear that wealth made their children targets for kidnapping was imprinted on the children. David was never seen playing on the street.

PHOTO MONTAGE: AARON HARRIS/CP (LEFT)

As their father had before them, David and Peter attended Upper Canada College, delivered by a driver. Lynne went to nearby Branksome Hall. David was a shy, sensitive boy, suspicious of others' motives, a tendency said to have been ingrained by his mother. "There is always something that people want, and I have not figured out why," he told James FitzGerald in *Old Boys: The Powerful Legacy of Upper Canada College*. "There is an expectation that is part of one's psychic inheritance which says, 'You have made a pledge. You now are a secret member of a secret order.'" Their upbringing left them without the tools for intimate relationships, one observer notes. "It's a really lonely, solitary existence they all have."

In 1979, at age 22, David began the apprenticeship ordained by his grandfather. Just as Ken Thomson toiled as a reporter in the late 1940s at the Timmins *Daily Press*, David managed a Bay store before his ascent.

Lynne's first foray beyond the family enclave was, inexplicably, to an equally cloistered environment—Utah's Brigham Young University, which holds students to a strict Mormon code, including bans on alcohol and coffee. She did not finish. Instead, she returned to Toronto, passed the Ontario securities course, and took a job with brokerage McLeod Young Weir Ltd. Within a few years, however, she had turned to acting.

Of the Thomson children, Peter appears to have carved out a semblance of normalcy. Low grades forced him from UCC and he finished his schooling at Royal St. George's College. When he expressed an interest in photography, Ken Thomson paved the way for unpaid positions at the *Brampton Times* and at the *Globe and Mail*. Colleagues recall that Peter's equipment was far better than that of the staff photographers. Though he holds a position at Woodbridge as deputy chairman and sits on the Thomson Corp. board of directors, he is better known on the rally racing circuit and was 2005 Canadian Rally Champion. His wife, Diana, whom he met at Woodbridge when she was his secretary, supports him as part of his racing crew. The couple regularly dines at a hole-in-the-wall restaurant in Toronto's Chinatown.

Today, the three Thomson children live close by their parents in Rosedale. Once owned by Woodbridge, Ken and Marilyn's house, at 8 Castle Frank Rd., is now held by 8 Castle Frank Road Limited. David Thomson's first wife, Mary Lou, lives next door, at 10 Castle Frank, a property purchased by Taylor Thomson but now owned by an anonymous numbered company.

In 1980, Ken Thomson expressed concern with the effect of inherited wealth on his children, noting he had seen hardship as well as prosperity with his business-hustling father. "It makes me wonder about my own children," he said in a *Saturday Night* profile. "They have only known affluence." That constant, a family associate notes, has been the Thomson children's curse. "The worst thing you can do is to take away a kid's ambition. That's what can happen with money."

**THROUGH HIS LAWYER, Thomson charges Ludwick with threatening a Paul Klee and harming a Constable, a letter in court filings reveals—accusations Ludwick's lawyer rejects**



DAVID, MARILYN and Ken Thomson at the Thomson Gallery in Toronto in 1989

PAUL HENRY/TORONTO SUN/CP

DAVID THOMSON IS A TALL, lean, blond-haired man of angular intensity; his eyes are a shade of Arctic blue he could no doubt reference to a J.M.W. Turner seascape. He wears knee-length cargo shorts year-long, even to his Toronto office in the Thomson building. His rare public musings are of a Heathcliff storming the moors cast. "Probably I was driven too hard," he said in *Old Boys*. "You accepted the challenges and you won the game, but you lost so much in the process. The process itself was gone. There was no enchantment."

Psychoanalyzing the reclusive 48-year-old scion is something of a sport in Toronto society, habituated to more bland, unconflicted Canadian establishment progeny. The same adjectives surface repeatedly—"intelligent," "troubled," "sensitive," "complex," "serious." "David struggles with his demons, that's for sure," says a man who has known him more than a decade. "He has real problems with trust."

David is routinely contrasted with his father, with whom he is close. "Ken is a flower, David is a gun," says a man who knows them. Unlike his father, David makes little effort to mask irritation. At his investiture as Thomson chairman in 2002, he appeared absent. "He sat, his pale eyes looking far away, his long, thin face as still as stone," a *National Post* reporter wrote. His answers to media inquiries then were opaque. "There will be no deviation from the way my father chaired the business," he said, signalling that, like his father, he would surrender day-to-day operations to professional managers. When asked about his accomplishments, he was vague. "I feel my journey has yet to begin," he said. Describing himself, he used business jargon. "I'm a very competitive individual and I play a part in a very large picture and hopefully add value to people's lives."

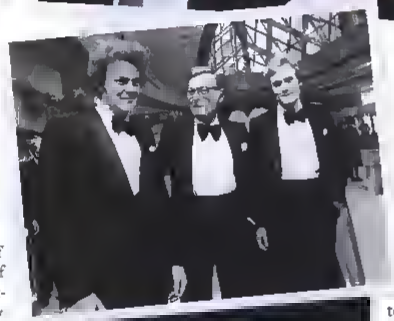
"It's like he's not always in the room," says someone who has socialized with him. "There is an obliqueness about all of the Thomson men." Says another: "A narrative sit-down conversation doesn't happen easily." Where Thomson comes alive is in expounding on art, a subject on which he is erudite. Both Ken and David Thomson have sought personal definition—and emotional sustenance—through art and its acquisition. "When Ken is showing his art his love [for it] is palpable," says a family friend. "He gets great pleasure touching it," he says of Thomson's collection of ivories.

Here too, a corporate veil shields. The family buys much of its art through Thomson Works of Art Ltd., a private holding company incorporated in Ontario, then moved, via Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, to Alberta, likely for tax reasons. The corporate directors include Ken Thomson and his children. Where the father's taste runs to the tradi-

tional, David's is more modernist He began acquiring what would become the world's premier private collection of John Constable, the 19th century British landscape painter, as a teenager In 1984, he emerged as a serious international player, spending $12 8 million on Turner's *Seascape, Folkestone*, a painting valued five years later at $38 8 million A man who knows the family speaks of collecting as a refuge for the rich "It's a realm they can totally control," he says "David thinks he's brilliant at auction but it's really just about outbidding another guy."

David Thomson's collection has been eclectic, spanning medieval artifacts, letters, coins, animation cels from *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*, Edvard Munch, Cy Twombly, Mark Rothko, Patrick Heron, war conflict photography, Joseph Beuys and Pablo Picasso, whose granddaughter he is said to have dated. Thomson is also said to have been behind hiring world class photojournalists to shoot Thomson Corp 's annual report





The collection is unusual in its lack of a unifying theme "If there is a theme, he puts himself in the eye of the artists," says a family friend, who notes Thomson enjoys sketching nature Another man who knows him sees his immersion in the creative impulse as a coping mechanism "The only way he feels anything is to imagine being an artist—a tortured creative spirit," he says Thomson himself has said he often pictures himself on the battlefield "I become excited at the thought of measuring myself in varied situations, alongside Wellington in India It's an interesting way to test yourself because you set your own limits."

The remark is revealing People who know Thomson speak of his tendency to push boundaries and self-inflict drama Caustic, patronizing outbursts are not uncommon "He will go after you with the intention of hurting you," says one man, who views the behaviour as a bid to force people to stand up to him "It's like he's constantly testing people to see if they'll defend themselves but people never do Wealthy people aren't allowed to burn bridges David burns a bridge every two weeks and it's always reconstructed. Money does it. Everybody has a price"

Thomson admits his actions can be antagonistic "I lived for so many years feeling a sense of helplessness," he is quoted as saying in *Old Boys* "Now I'm extremely self-sufficient and rather overly aggressive I'm not mean but I do not hide anymore from any one In fact, I seek out places where I can go straight on in situations with people I love it In fact, it is almost sick, to the point where it has driven a lot of my learning"

Thomson's desire to make his own mark is evident in his personal business forays Some 15 years ago, he formed Osmington Inc , a private real estate company named after a Dorset town much painted by Constable, cashing in $95 million of Thomson Corp stock to make the purchase It owns and manages some $1 5 billion in property, including One Yonge Street, the *Toronto Star*'s headquarters, held by a numbered company headed by David Thomson When named chairman of Thomson Corp , he expressed the desire to become more involved in its business That didn't happen Today, much of his attention is focused on real estate and currency trading

Some speak of Thomson having "a destructive side" "But to give David credit, he doesn't put himself in harm's way," says one man, referring to higher profile heirs known for their public antics. "David is never a jackass in public because he never goes into public This may be extreme, but part of the reason David doesn't live in the public is because he doesn't want the private to become public Not many people can live like that"

**DAVID WITH LAURIE in 2002, Peter, Ken and David in 1982 at Roy Thomson Hall**

The most public glimpse of David Thomson is accessible in that arena of conflicting narratives—the family law courts. Patterns emerge On Oct. 15, 1988, he was married in Rosedale United Church to Mary Lou La Prairie , a woman he met when she was working as a womenswear buyer at the now-defunct department store Simpsons It is a meeting that echoes Ken Thomson's first glimpse of future wife Marilyn, a former Miss Cheerleader of Toronto, while she was modelling for Eaton's in the early 1950s

The love that David once described as "instantaneous" and a "fairy-tale romance" didn't last The couple separated on Oct 15, 1996, their eighth wedding anniversary, they divorced in 1997 In her petition for divorce, Mary Lou said the split had been "difficult and contentious" Her settlement included $6 3 million David kept the art Shared custody of their two young daughters was hammered out by mediators, a finicky schedule that saw the girls ferried between parents in visits timed to the half hour

The post-divorce relationship between Mary Lou, now a yoga instructor, and her ex-husband is said to be harmonious David is known to be a doting father, obsessively photographing his daughters at school performances He regularly picks them up from their private school, travelling with them to London and Greece during summers The relationship hit a turbulent patch in 2003, however, when Thomson filed a motion for greater custody that was ultimately withdrawn "I have almost totally acquiesced to David's wishes, plans, ultimatums and bullying since the date of separation," Mary Lou responded in her affidavit

By that time David was married to Laurie Ludwick, a slim, blond woman whom he first encountered in an elevator at Toronto's Fitness Institute, an upscale gym, in the late 1990s Ludwick was born in Calgary in 1961 to parents Rose and Floyd, a schoolteacher who went on to work at Shell Canada She had toiled as a reporter, covering the oil patch for the *Financial Post* in the mid 1990s before moving to Toronto and public relations at TrizecHahn, a real estate developer While dating Thomson she set up her own PR firm with a partner in the financial district

**APPROACHING 40,**
**Ludwick was eager to have a child, despite the fact she'd been told she had less than a five per cent chance of becoming pregnant**

DICK LOEK/TORONTO STAR (TOP); TIM CLARK/CP

Like Thomson, Ludwick had been married before EricStevenson, her first husband, was a member of the Molson family whom she met in Alberta in the early 1980s. Married some seven years, they lived for a time in London, where he worked in banking Little is known about her second husband

Former colleagues remember her as "utterly charming, fun to be around," with a knack for intimacy. "She became your best friend," says one reporter A former boss had a different take, calling her "inconsistent" and "highly emotional" Still others say she's "fragile" and "waif-like," words also used to describe Mary Lou Neither wife shared Thomson's passion for art In cloistered Rosedale, the verdict is more snide "Laurie is like a cat," says a neighbour "She's feline" A man who worked with Ludwick believes she cared deeply for Thomson, recalling she fretted about what to buy him for Christmas

The couple married in a private ceremony in Thomson's minimalist 10,000 sq. foot house on May 4, 2000, one day after signing a pre-nuptial agreement, 14 days before Ken announced David would be named Thomson Corp chairman The relationship was on and off from the beginning. "Doomed," is how one associate put it. With timing reminiscent of his separation from his first wife, David filed a petition for divorce on May 4, 2001, their first year anniversary Ludwick's "behaviour and conduct has become intolerable, not to say irrational and bizarre," he claimed in court papers But the couple reconciled and even travelled to New York seeking fertility treatment. Approaching 40, Ludwick was eager to have a child, despite the fact she'd been told she had less than a five per cent chance of becoming pregnant

The couple separated again Then, two months before David became Thomson Corp chairman, they reunited after making a March 12, 2002, amendment to their pre-nup that gave Laurie more money in the event of divorce She continued to release all claim to the matrimonial home and its possessions, and agreed to leave the house 60 days after a separation

They stayed away from Toronto's social circuit, which some say Laurie, a film festival and hockey fan, regretted They did socialize occasionally, throwing a Halloween party at their house for adults and children, organized by Laurie It was an elaborate event featuring a fortune teller, a balloon artist and a caricaturist for the adults Laurie wore a sari, David a toga and sandals Ken Thomson attended dressed up as a newspaperman, a press card tucked into his jacket pocket

The few who did socialize with them say Laurie was studiously low-key "She was always very careful of what she said and did around him," says one "I always saw her as the pale, nervous type." Laurie told friends David wanted her to stop working In the late spring of 2005, just months after her father's death, Laurie became pregnant at age 44 A few months later, Thomson moved out, alerting Ludwick through a lawyer's letter that he would seek a divorce. Their official separation date is Oct 14 Again, father and son have been contrasted A source describes Ken as the sort of guy who would never leave his wife if she was about to give birth. "Ken wouldn't move out if his dog was having puppies."

**THE APPLICATION**
**asking her to vacate the home is dated the day of his son's birth—in keeping with David's tendency to use anniversaries as severance dates**



**THREE GENERATIONS Marilyn and Lynne (Taylor) Thomson, Marilyn's mom, with Ken**

MIKE SLAUGHTER/TORONTO STAR

Laurie meanwhile busied herself fundraising for a local AIDS charity with such zeal friends were concerned for her health In Rosedale and Bay Street, the gossip fallout was epic—and the source of ongoing revelry at *Frank* magazine—abetted by Laurie's willingness to talk She had become religious during the marriage, says one former colleague, to the point she said her pregnancy was "God's plan"

The application from Thomson asking Ludwick to vacate the home as per the terms of the pre-nup is dated the same day as his son's birth—in keeping with his tendency to use anniversaries as severance dates Thomson's lawyer, Stephen Grant, says it's a "complete coincidence, nothing deliberate" Yet a letter from Ludwick's lawyer, Patrick Schmidt, dated Feb 2 and filed last week with court documents, anticipates the gambit. "As the baby is due March 10, 2006, I am certain your client will wish to serve as close to that date as possible to achieve maximum effect."

Ludwick's response, dated April 26, sets out her terms child and spousal support and to remain in the home, at least temporarily There is also the demand to be named the beneficiary of an insurance policy on Thomson's life valued at no less than $5 million and to be the beneficiary in trust for a similar policy benefiting the child for as long as Thomson is obliged to pay spousal and child support

Her filing, roiling with accusations, is the opening salvo in what could be Canada's most sensational divorce. The allegations—to which Thomson has yet to respond and which remain untested in court—say Thomson's behaviour led to "increased levels of anxiety and depression which have required her to be hospitalized and to obtain psychiatric care and medication." Since their separation, Ludwick contends, she has been "subjected to an extreme level of cruel, harassing and intimidating actions at the hands of or the directions of" Thomson

While shopping at the "family butcher," she charges, Ludwick learned—to her "extreme embarrassment"—that Thomson had cancelled her account She alleges Thomson "and/or his agents/servants surreptitiously and repeatedly entered the matrimonial home" and removed his paintings as well as her "jewelry, including a Rolex watch" and Christmas decorations (In a letter, Thomson's lawyer said Thomson would "return a share of the Christmas ornaments") Ludwick further charges that a James Wilson Morrice oil given her by Thomson is missing and asks for its return Through his lawyer, Thomson charges Ludwick with threatening a Paul Klee and harming a Constable, a letter in court

filings reveals—accusations Schmidt rejects

Thomson "stripped" the house of his possessions, Ludwick charges, while she was visiting her family in Calgary at Christmas, an incident she says contributed to her decision to change the locks on Jan. 9. Court documents note Ludwick is "concerned and upset as to how [Thomson] knew she was out of the Province in advance of his entry and removal of chattels from the matrimonial home." She charges she is under surveillance, that Thomson and his "agents and servants" have "engaged in watching and besetting" her and the "matrimonial home." She alleges that someone changed her voice mail password. Ludwick's lawyer sent a cease and desist letter on Jan. 12.

On Feb. 22, Ludwick charges, she was driving on the Glen Road bridge in Rosedale in her 2006 Porsche Carrera when she was "almost rammed" from behind by Thomson, who was reportedly driving a black SUV. Ludwick has requested that the courts issue an "order restraining the applicant and his servants and agents from harassing the respondent including an order prohibiting such persons from having the Respondent watched or followed." She is seeking damages of $10 million for "the intentional infliction of nervous shock including but not limited to the intentional infliction of mental distress and harm."

Thomson, according to court documents, is unmoved. He challenges Ludwick's claims of a "high risk" pregnancy, citing her decision to fly to Calgary at Christmas. "I am not a doctor," he says in court filings, "but I understand that women with high-risk pregnancies should not fly—especially in the third trimester." Ludwick's pregnancy should not have prevented her from vacating his property, he argues. "She could have easily arranged for movers to do all of the work." He concludes that Ludwick was "using her pregnancy as a ruse to justify her refusal to move out of my home." Ludwick, for her part, contends that Thomson's behaviour "demonstrates a callous and high handed disregard of the health and welfare" of her and the child, noting that neither Thomson nor his children "wanted anything to do with the child [she] was carrying." Thomson and his lawyer have yet to respond to some of the more sensational claims, including the allegation he almost rammed her car, and they too have not been tested in court.

Legal observers expect the case to set a precedent for "extraordinary" child care expenses in Canada. "This case, in part, will test the limits of child support guidelines," says Schmidt. Already the court filings provide a snapshot into a life with Thomson that Ludwick describes as "opulent and unconstrained." Her monthly expenses, she reports, in the year ending Oct. 15, 2005, totalled $65,983.25, including $12,000 for clothing, $600 for counselling, $650 for dermatology—mainly Botox and Restylane—$550 worth of massages, spa treatments totalling $1,200, jewellery purchases of $7,000, $12,000 for vacation and $2,200.58 in charitable donations.

Her prenatal expenses of $18,839.45, which she asks Thomson to cover, include $900 for four prenatal massages, $120 for prenatal yoga sessions, $3,997.86 in Jacadi baby paraphernalia—"Moses basket," Bugaboo stroller, Peg Perego baby carrier, stroller parasol and such—and a $199.75 La Perla maternity bra.

Her proposed monthly child care budget includes $840 in nanny car-lease payments, a nanny salary of $3,400 (with a nanny bonus of $141.67), four months of night nursing at $1,866.67, baby furniture and decor totalling $1,000, $800 in clothing and $900 in toys, books, CDs and DVDs.

The couple's divorce proceedings could put a lens for the first time on the Byzantine financials of the Thomson scion. Court papers filed in March revealed Thomson makes a salary of $109,078.91 a month, $62,715.33 after tax, $752,583.96 a year. His trust income is reported at $2,761.58 per month, $33,138.96 per annum. (That isn't a huge increase from his 1995 income of over $600,000—"after deductions for business losses"—revealed in his 1997 divorce.) In an amended financial disclosure filed last week, Thomson updated his assets to include properties valued at $874,590,420.01. A breakdown of his monthly expenses, which includes $500 for clothing and $12,500 in child support paid to Ludwick on March 14, shows a monthly budget deficit of $1,063.69.

Ludwick's lawyer remains dissatisfied with the disclosures of Thomson's finances, which her court papers describe as "complex and enveloped in an intricate corporate structure." She maintains Thomson's net worth is in excess of "One Billion Dollars" (versus hers of $8.24 million), and that their child, as a male Thomson heir, "is a beneficiary under one or more trusts which [Thomson] has failed to disclose." Schmidt, her lawyer, promises forensic accountants will be summoned if need be.

Surprisingly, no one has asked to seal the court documents, which also reveal Ludwick's settlement of $5.4 million as per the terms of the pre-nup. Contacted by *Maclean's*, Ludwick refused to speak. "I'm exiting the story," she says. As mother to the future Thomson lord and heir, however, she won't take leave for decades. Given the Thomsons' distaste for publicity, the prospect of a high profile divorce, with its attendant disclosures, gives her considerable leverage.

**SHOPPING AT THE family butcher,' Laurie Ludwick claims, she learned to her 'extreme embarrassment' that David had cancelled her account**



KEN AND DAVID, then 30, in 1988 at an annual Hudson's Bay Co. meeting

ANDREW STAWICKI/TORONTO STAR




PHOTO MONTAGE (FROM LEFT): WESTLEY HARGRAVE/SPLASH NEWS; GEOFF FUGH/DAILY TELEGRAPH; REUTERS; LOS ANGELES TIMES

**LUDWICK'S PRENATAL expenses of $18,839.45, which she asks Thomson to cover, include a $199.75 La Perla maternity bra**

P.I.: Anthony Pellicano, Taylor in London, John McTiernan, Pamela Miller

David is said to have distanced himself and is now involved with a woman who works in New York City whom he dated briefly before marrying Ludwick. Court papers say Ken and Marilyn Thomson have visited the newborn. David has not. Sources say he even refused to look at the child at a legal meeting with Ludwick in April. Someone who knows him puts it thus: "His position is, 'I've got lots of time to exercise my option on the kid.'"

AS A WOMAN, Taylor Thomson escaped the strictures of Roy Thomson's plan. Yet that freedom left her adrift. "Taylor has scrupulously tried to find her own way," says a man who knows her. "I don't know if she has succeeded." Her move to acting, while already in her mid-20s, signalled the first instalment in what would become an abiding friction in her life between her need for privacy and a desire for public recognition.

There is no question that Taylor, then still known as Lynne, had the presence for a stage and screen career. She started with walk-on roles in American TV miniseries, then studied at the Institute for Advanced Theatre Training at Harvard University, which she left before finishing. She was 30 years old in the summer of 1989 when she embarked on an apprenticeship with Shakespeare & Company, in Lenox, Mass., appearing as a fairy in *The Tempest* alongside Keanu Reeves. That she came from money was clear to her colleagues: she drove a pink late-'50s Pontiac Star Chief convertible and rented a cottage rather than bunk with peers. "She was very beautiful and also wildly insecure and incredibly arrogant," one actor recalls. "It was an amazing combination." Smart, spirited and with a tart tongue, she was popular with colleagues.

The exposure led nowhere. Even her father couldn't help. Known to have met on her behalf with film executives in New York City, he also called upon a well-connected friend in Los Angeles in 1991 to inquire about parts with a local Shakespeare troupe. Despite a lacklustre audition, she was offered an understudy position.

Thomson was still acting as late as 1994, appearing in an episode of *Forever Knight*, a Canadian series following the adventures of a centuries-old vampire turned Toronto police detective. Gradually, the roles petered out. "It didn't seem like she had the stick-to-itiveness for a life in the theatre," says Daniel Osman, an actor who knew her in Lenox, noting that in acting, "nothing's handed to you."

A year later, with a US$1.12-million investment in a Birmingham, England-based film company, Lynne's interests broadened into production. "I try and keep my career as an actress separate from my business life," she told the *Birmingham Post*. Soon, with plans to establish her own production company, Thomson was employing an assistant at the Woodbridge offices to read scripts. The films she helped fund either flopped or are forgotten. It is not clear whether she realized her plans to build a film company. "She just dabbled for too long for my taste," says someone who once advised her on the industry.

Shopping is Thomson's one constant. "She's a world shopper—there's no boundaries," says a woman who once worked with her. When buying Thai furniture, she does so in Thailand. An assistant at Woodbridge ships the purchases from around the globe, handling import taxes and customs. A wine collector, she entertains at her homes, mingling in London with the likes of Mark Bolland, one-time aide to Prince Charles, and in Toronto with fellow Burgundy aficionados, including criminal lawyer Clayton Ruby.

She's known to leaf through Christie's and Sotheby's catalogues with the same glee others feel thumbing through catalogues from Pottery Barn or Holt Renfew. Her first major acquisition, in 1994, was a pair of porphyry and gilt-bronze urns for $4.4 million—three times their pre-sale estimate. A Christie's representative assigned to advise the novice buyer is said to have encouraged her to make "just one more" bid to beat her competitor, Ann Getty, of the U.S. oil dynasty.

Thomson was naive, seasoned collectors

later said. The urns, which Christie's described as Louis XV vases designed circa 1760, were the subject of a lengthy court dispute in London once she became convinced they were fake. "When I asked Christie's for my money back, they said, 'get a lawyer,' so I did," she told a British newspaper. "They may have thought I was not a force to be reckoned with."

Her dispute with Christie's is estimated to have cost more than she paid for the urns. The heiress bled money like a martyr. "I'm a very private person but I've done this on principle, done it for thousands of people who may not be as well placed as I am to take on a legal battle," she said. Though she initially won the case, an appeal found that Christie's had not acted improperly and overturned the decision.

As the 1990s wore on, Thomson divided her time more and more between Toronto, London and southern California. Society columnists spotted her in Toronto occasionally, at film festivals dining with the likes of Ivan Fecan, now president and CEO of Bell Globemedia. Sometime in the mid-1990s she began calling herself Taylor. "She found Taylor more marquee," says one man. Yet the move coincided with an almost total withdrawal from public life.

She was living in Venice Beach, Calif., in the spring of 1997 when, at a Buddhist retreat in upstate New York, she met Michael Kolesa. An engineer from Utica, N.Y., Kolesa was bright, unassuming and of relatively modest means. Tall and slim, he was "the kind of guy you might see on a yoga mat," one woman recalls. The Thomsons, reportedly, thought him subpar and dull. He and Thomson enjoyed wine and travel, journeying together to Buddhist retreats in the U.S. and Thailand. He soon moved into her Rosedale house. Then close to 40, Thomson became pregnant. "Michael figured pretty big in that biological clock," says a woman who knew her. In mid-1999, she gave birth to a daughter.

A year later, the couple separated. The pair's values, always different, had begun to clash. Some say Thomson sought pre-emptively to secure the child's custody in the event of separation; others that she had little use for Kolesa once she became pregnant. "She didn't have a lot of people that were close to her she could trust," says one acquaintance. "I always thought that, at least with Michael, she could. Maybe he was just there for the money, too."

The little girl remained with Thomson. Kolesa, according to a relative, was devastated. Though he received a sizeable settlement—he no longer works and refers to himself as "retired" or "self-employed" in online posts—court documents reveal a messy custody dispute. Thomson, meanwhile, continued moving between L.A., Toronto and London. To be near his daughter, Kolesa followed her to southern California, where Thomson settled, attending film school on a student visa.



KEN THOMSON at Roy Thomson Hall, named for his father, in Toronto in 1982

**COURT PAPERS say Ken and Marilyn Thomson have visited the newborn. The boy's father, David, has not. His position is, "I've got lots of time to exercise my option on the kid."**

In September 2001, Thomson hired Pamela Miller, an experienced nanny, through an L.A. agency. The job, which paid US$70,000, was contingent upon Miller's signing a confidentiality agreement, now filed among Los Angeles court documents, which forbade taking photographs of Taylor or her child without "prior written consent," or making "any disparaging remarks" about Thomson, her daughter or her family. A breach of the agreement would cause "irreparable harm for which there is no adequate remedy at law."

Miller also had to follow instructions laid out by Thomson in a seven-page job description, also now among court documents. The nanny's days began at 7 a.m. and ended with bedtime at 8:30 p.m., when she was to sing a lullaby and "clean all toys the dog has had that day." Miller was to remain on call "at *all* times," always answer her phone and remain within cell range. She was to squeeze two drops of "essential oil" into the child's bathwater and, every other day, one of "sweet almond oil." Each evening, when required, Miller was to hand wash the child's cashmere clothing. A dress code, meanwhile, stipulated that Miller should wear "black, grey and navy trousers" during the winter, "cream, white, stone colours" in summer while in Toronto—"Same for New York, LA and UK." "Running shoes" were forbidden. Miller nanned for Taylor in her L.A., Toronto and London homes for over six months. At Christmas, she was brought along to a Rothschild party in London.

All the while, Thomson's custody dispute with Kolesa unfolded in Toronto, weighing upon Miller, she says in court documents, in the form of "extreme pressure" to testify in support of Thomson. Though she demanded that her employees sign confidentiality agreements, Thomson saw no conflict in asking staff for affidavits attesting to her good relationship with her daughter. (Kolesa noted in one proceeding that Thomson's cook, personal assistant and two of her nannies had provided such reports). Miller refused.

It was shortly after an incident in February when her daughter complained of earache and Thomson "ordered that olive oil be cooked with onions and poured into the child's ear," Miller claims in court documents, that the nanny resolved to throw her support behind Kolesa. Prior to the incident, Miller claims, she had been pressured into not co-operating with Kolesa so as to "curtail the child's exposure to 'Michael's boring middle class lifestyle.'" Miller says she was instructed to make Kolesa wait at the gate when collecting his daughter. In the spring of 2002, Miller agreed to travel to Toronto and swear an affidavit supporting his bid for more time with the girl. Arriving in a Toronto courthouse on April 4, however, the nanny was confronted by Thomson's lawyer, who informed her she'd been fired.

Following the dismissal, Miller became the target of legal action herself when lawyers, citing the terms of the confidentiality agreement, sought possession of a diary chronicling her time with Thomson. The struggle ended when Miller agreed to have the diary shredded later that year. One Toronto lawyer familiar with the case describes its destruction as "a group effort."

Thomson's lawyers, including Stephen Grant—now representing her brother David in his divorce—have successfully shielded much of her legal manoeuvring, particularly in Canada. Her dispute with Miller is sealed. Details of her custody battle with Kolesa were also sealed in early 2003 by the Ontario Court of Appeal. The move, which Kolesa opposed, was highly unusual. A judge ruled the move was in the little girl's best interest, but noted he did not seal the file "because the child belongs to a wealthy family." The decision remains available. In an earlier affidavit, Thomson says it is her "billionaire" status that puts her daughter at risk. "I am a private person," she said, noting a *National Post* story detailing her Christie's lawsuit, then ongoing. "I am not responsible for the coverage. I am doing what I can to contain it."

Her quest for secrecy makes Thomson vulnerable to the very people she demands sign confidentiality agreements. Miller filed suit against her in Los Angeles County Superior Court not long after the diary shredding in late 2002—charging wrongful dismissal and emotional distress. The complaint, which included alleged details of Thomson's personal life, charged also that Thomson "and her agents" had tried to keep her from further employment. Federal investigators, she claims, later told her she had been wiretapped. She amended her complaint to accuse "investogators" of intercepting her calls.

Thomson counter-sued in March 2003, claiming malicious prosecution and breach of contract. Miller later dropped her own claims. Then, in the spring of 2005, another judge ruled in favour of Thomson's malicious prosecution claim, ordering the nanny to pay US$113,946.82. Miller is appealing the decision.

In the spring of 2003, a grand jury called upon Miller's testimony in a probe of Anthony Pellicano's alleged spying activities. It was not the first time the L.A. private detective's name had surfaced in relation to Thomson's legal disputes. Pellicano was brought into the Thomson family orbit during the ramp up to a July 2002 Ontario Superior Court decision that gave Thomson custody of her daughter. In February of that year, the private detective, describing himself as experienced in "high profile" cases involving "families, separating couples and their children," provided an affidavit in Ontario court proceedings aimed at sealing Thomson's custody dispute with Kolesa. In the affidavit, Pellicano insists information in a public court file would put the child at serious risk of "abduction, kidnapping or extortion." The presiding judge noted Pellicano did not personally know members of the Thomson family.

Soon, however, Pellicano's name and number are said to have been included under the heading "lawyers" in a contact list Thomson kept in L.A., though he is anything but. The son of Sicilian immigrants, Pellicano grew up outside Chicago, coming to prominence in 1977 when he miraculously recovered the stolen remains of Mike Todd, Elizabeth Taylor's third husband, whose Illinois gravesite robbers had pilfered in search of a diamond ring. Before television cameras, Pellicano thrust his hands beneath a blanket of dead leaves and extracted a plastic bag containing Todd's body, which police hadn't been able to find. Impressed, Elizabeth Taylor is said to have given him an entree to Hollywood. He presented himself as a man of judicious physicality. "If you can't sit down with a person and reason with them," he once said, "there is only one thing left and that is fear."



WORLD'S NINTH-RICHEST MAN, with Marilyn. Inset *The Massacre of the Innocents.*

**TAYLOR'S NANNY HAD A DRESS CODE. She had to wear 'black, grey and navy' in the winter, 'cream, white, stone colours' in summer.**

If Pellicano first provided aid to Taylor Thomson in early 2002, this year's indictment suggests he continued working on her case over the ensuing months. But his involvement may never have surfaced without a bizarre incident later that year. On the morning of June 20, 2002, Anita Busch, then a reporter with the *Los Angeles Times*, walked out her door to find a dead fish with a rose in its mouth lying on the smashed windshield of her car, a note reading "stop" taped alongside. Busch had been investigating the relationship between action film star Steven Seagal and producer Julius Nasso, said to be a Gambino family associate. FBI agents allegedly traced the warning to Pellicano.

Executing a search warrant on the private detective's Sunset Boulevard offices in late 2002, agents uncovered a cache of illegal explosives. Pellicano later pleaded guilty to the charges and was sentenced to 30 months in jail. But what investigators also unearthed in the detective's offices—transcripts of recorded conversations, tapes and computer files featuring B-list film industry types as well as Hollywood luminaries—led to an intense investigation. Pellicano now faces charges connected to a vast espionage operation—whose targets may have included Thomson's legal adversaries.

Specifically, the recently unsealed federal indictment alleges that a Pellicano associate working in the L.A. police force used an FBI database to conduct an illegal background check on Miller just one day prior to her confrontation with Thomson's lawyer in Toronto (Pellicano's associate is also charged). In the weeks following, the indictment also alleges, similar illegal checks were conducted on Miller's elderly parents, her brother and on Kolesa.

If Pellicano did target the Millers and Kolesa, it would be in keeping with an MO described in the indictment. The detective and some of his clients are said to have used illegally gathered information to secure "a tactical advantage in litigation by learning their opponents' plans, strategies, perceived

NICOLAS ASFOURI/EPA/CORBIS (PAINTING); DEBBIE HOLLOWAY/TORONTO SUN

strengths and weaknesses, settlement positions, and other confidential information." A common denominator linking Pellicano with Thomson is her L.A.-based attorney and the detective's main client: Bert Fields, whose other clients have included Michael Jackson, DreamWorks Animation CEO Jeffrey Katzenberg, and Tom Cruise. Fields, not named in the Pellicano indictment, has admitted to being questioned in connection to the probe.

Pellicano's trial, originally slated for April 18, has been postponed to October. Last month, two men who hired Pellicano—John McTiernan, the director of *Die Hard*, and former music industry mogul Robert Pfeiffer—pleaded guilty to charges filed in connection to the wiretapping probe.

By that time Thomson had returned to Toronto, where she will send her daughter to a local private school and pursue her interest in film production. Kolesa has also moved to Toronto, where he lives in a modest house.

The heiress, meanwhile, has just purchased her fourth $5-million house on a secluded Rosedale cul-de-sac. The houses, each owned through a different numbered company, are adjacent to one another and have remained largely unused. Her intent, sources speculate, is to buy the dozen or so houses on the strip. Thomson appears to be living in one of the properties. In the rear of another is a coach house where David Thomson stayed after leaving Ludwick. Such hospitality between a sister and brother who have gone through periods of estrangement signals Thomson solidarity. "It's the one stable relationship they all have in life," says a man who knows the family.

**THE HEIRESS has just purchased her fourth $5-million house in Rosedale. In the rear of one is a coach house where David stayed after leaving Ludwick.**



ROY THOMSON with his grandchildren. Bottom left and right: David and Lynne.

WHERE THE THOMSONS' public and private lives intersect is in their involvement in the arts scene. This too can be other than what it appears. Roy Thomson's legacy on Toronto's cultural landscape—in the curvilinear shape of Roy Thomson Hall—is at odds with his preference for more lowbrow offerings: vaudeville, detective novels and Doris Day movies. "The most beautiful music to me is a spot commercial at $10 a whack," he once said. Even so, Thomson's name was placed on the new home of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra in 1982, sparking controversy. Ken Thomson donated only $4.5 million of the total $45-million cost, with much of the rest from taxpayers. It was the first time a Toronto concert hall was named for a contributor who had not paid for more than half.

The Thomson name will next be affixed to an addition being built at the Art Gallery of Ontario. Ken Thomson has promised the gallery some 2,000 pieces of art. He is providing $50 million in capital funding for the expansion, led by architect Frank Gehry, plus $20 million in endowment funding. The addition is slated to open in mid-2008.

The gift—"unparalleled in the Canadian context," according to AGO director Matthew Teitelbaum—has triggered controversy of its own. Thomson struck the deal on the understanding that his art would never be commingled with the gallery's permanent collection. "We're not using the word 'integrated,'" says Teitelbaum. "We're using 'adjacencies.'" There has been sniping about the conditions within the AGO and the Toronto arts community, though, again, people are unwilling to speak on the record. "You don't privatize a collection in the art world," says a highly placed observer. "Ken Thomson doesn't regard his contribution to the AGO as philanthropy. He's giving his collection a permanent home. He's doing it for himself." It is said there has been grumbling within the AGO about the Thomsons' control over the expansion. Art-world insiders note there was public outcry after New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art did the same thing with its Robert Lehman Wing. Teitelbaum defends the decision to segregate the Thomson gift: "Generally speaking, a collector's vision is important to maintain." As for dissent, "I can only say categorically not among the people working with [Ken Thomson]," he says.

What sealed the deal with the AGO was the addition of a blockbuster attraction—*The Massacre of the Innocents*, by the 17th-century Flemish painter Peter Paul Rubens, purchased in July 2002 at Sotheby's in London. It is a violent painting, depicting Roman soldiers knee-deep in butchered babies, carrying out King Herod's edict to slaughter all young boys and eliminate the future Messiah. Those who know Ken Thomson were surprised by the choice. Teitelbaum contends the painting and Thomson's collection share an interest in anatomical representation. "But to buy big masterworks—such pictures of exuberance—is not something Ken has done," he says.

In typical Thomson manner, the purchase was mediated. Samuel Fogg, a London manuscripts dealer long associated with the family, did the bidding in London. Sitting in a small boardroom at Woodbridge's Toronto offices and driving the bidding by telephone were the Thomson men—Ken, David and Peter—and Woodbridge president Geoff Beattie. In the space of five minutes, the Rubens, anticipated to fetch no more than £6 million, had hit £49.5 million, or $116.5 million, a record high for an Old Master and the third-highest price ever paid at auction. Whether the Thomson men, jubilant with victory, considered the irony of the purchase in light of Roy Thomson's edict we will never know. M




**HARD-DRIVING ENGINEER PUTS IN THE MILES**

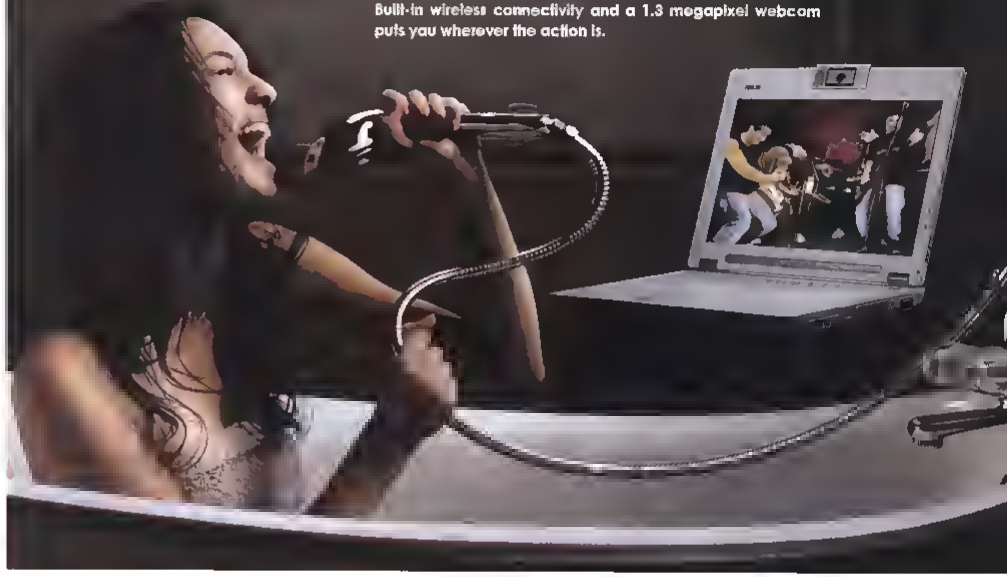
Dave Givens has won a nationwide contest, sponsored by a chain of muffler shops, that few would envy. He makes the longest-known daily commute of anyone in the United States: 595 km. The 46-year-old electrical engineer, who lives in Mariposa, Calif., spends seven hours a day driving to and from his job in San Jose. Givens received international attention for his record, as well as US$10,000 in gas money and four new tires.

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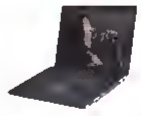
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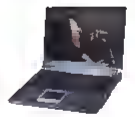




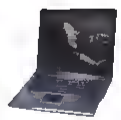
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# Why nice executives really do finish last


STEVE MAICH

Let there be no doubt about it: Scott McNealy is a swell guy. As the co-founder and CEO of Sun Microsystems, McNealy established himself as one of the most eloquent and engaging personalities in Silicon Valley, a man of rare talent and intellect.

The press loved him, because he was forever dropping colourful quotes, often at the expense of his big-name rivals. He once called Microsoft founder Bill Gates a "butthead," and called its Windows operating system "a giant hairball," earning him the eternal affection of legions of reporters accustomed to bland talking points from robotic CEOs. Employees rallied around his almost fanatical belief in Sun, the superiority of its technology, and his ability to make the arcane details of computer science sound inspiring.

In short, McNealy was the kind of boss most people would love to work for. And so there was no joy last week, when he finally stepped down as CEO, handing the reins of the company he co-founded 24 years ago to his lieutenant, Jonathan Schwartz. There was none of the usual smug gloating about his professional downfall, just a reluctant, grudging agreement that McNealy's tenure ended in failure. None of the reporters and employees who liked him so much were ready to voice the toughest truth of all: that the very things that made him so popular were his undoing as a leader, and that he was exactly the wrong person to lead Sun out of the industry-wide crisis that enveloped the tech sector between 2000 and 2004.

For that bit of insight, you must go to a former member of McNealy's own team. John Shoemaker was a top executive at Sun, in charge of its computer systems business, until he retired in 2002. In January, he wrote an article for Indiana's Kelley School of Business, discussing what went wrong at what was once one of America's most dynamic companies. Few beyond the cloistered world of high tech management ever read the article, and that's a shame, because it stands as the most cogent analysis on record of McNealy's serious shortcomings as a leader.

When the tech implosion hit in 2000, it claimed millions of victims—mostly small investors and employees at hundreds of ill-conceived start-ups. Those who survived did so through a ruthless campaign of cost cutting. Between 2001 and 2004, almost a million high-tech jobs were eliminated in the United States, according to the American Electronic Association. But despite his penchant for tough talk, ruthlessness didn't come easily to McNealy. While others were furiously downsizing to conserve cash, he remained convinced his company could weather the storm. Even when it finally became obvious that job cuts were unavoidable, his heart wasn't in it. While most of his contemporaries were taking a chainsaw to their cost base, McNealy preferred a scalpel.

**While most tech execs were taking a chainsaw to their costs, McNealy used a scalpel. Too bad.**


DAVID PAUL MORRIS/GETTY IMAGES

"We were unable to convince our top decision maker to take quick action to implement a massive head count reduction," Shoemaker wrote. "While other large technology firms like Cisco and Intel bit the bullet to save what they had and to protect investments of shareholders, Sun's reduction in workforce actions were too little too late."

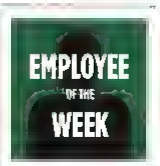
Most of us tend to believe that when companies slash jobs, they are acting out of heartless self-interest. Executives are attacked for saving their own skins and the value of their stock options at the expense of ordinary working folks. We cling to the notion that truly enlightened corporate managers protect their staff at all costs, even in the darkest of times. But companies like Sun illustrate the more awkward reality: leaders who fail to restructure when the market turns bad end up hurting far more than they help.

Shoemaker describes how Sun descended into a toxic swamp, despite McNealy's best efforts. Everybody knew the market was tanking and they lived in fear for their jobs. Rather than pulling together, desperate employees turned on each other, competing internally to be among the survivors when the axe finally fell—as everyone knew it would eventually. Sun got less competitive, less efficient, and as results got worse, the best employees started fleeing for better opportunities. "This single failure to make a tough decision to reduce head count at Sun was, I believe, the critical event that precipitated Sun's now-infamous decline," Shoemaker says.

McNealy literally killed Sun with kindness, and the legacy of this mistake is still apparent. Since 2002, Sun's share of the market for powerful server computers has shrunk from 14 per cent to eight per cent. Its costs remain bloated: research and development, for example, consume more than 15 per cent of Sun's revenue, compared with six per cent at IBM and 3.8 per cent at Hewlett-Packard. As a result, while those companies and most other major competitors have returned to stable profits, Sun has lost money in 16 of the past 20 quarters. After peaking at more than US$60 a share in 2000, Sun's stock has been stuck around US$5 for three years.

Fixing all this now falls to Schwartz, a 40-year-old hand picked by McNealy and cut from much the same cloth. That, analysts say, is a problem. Job cuts of between 20 and 25 per cent of the workforce are needed to make Sun competitive, but Credit Suisse First Boston analyst Andy McCullough said Schwartz will likely have "little impact on the company's strategic direction, philosophy and culture."

McNealy once said his business credo was "eat lunch or be lunch." It sounded good, but when it really counted, he couldn't live up to his own tough talk. And now he stands as the embodiment of that other hoary cliché—the one about nice guys finishing last. M




**LOUTISH BOSS TROTS OUT HIS REVENGE**

When Nigel Gravett ejected Emma Nicholson from her sales job at his British tech firm because she was pregnant, she went to arbitration. The 25-year-old former beauty queen told an official panel she'd been obliged to pose topless for a training exercise at Gravett's firm. The panel ruled for her, triggering a big payout. But Gravett seems to harbour a grudge. On April 13, he registered the name of a racehorse he'd bought as "Emma Told Lies."

# COLD WAR

**Don Cherry, the Edmonton Oilers, the entire Eskimos football team and millions of Canadians think Cold-fX can beat the common cold. Are they buying good health? Or good hype?**

BY CHARLIE GILLIS

At 10 minutes to opening bell, with the champagne chilling in a corner alcove, the man of the moment has finally arrived. Don Cherry—hockey authority, lunch-pail hero and tireless pitchman for Cold-fX—has fitted himself in black today, forgoing his customary 150-decibel jacket in favour of a comparatively modest three-button ensemble. But Grapes is a man who likes to stand out, and now, as he poses for pictures with a group of market types at the Toronto Stock Exchange, his white head bobs theatrically. "I guess I should have worn my plaid," he says, cocking an eyebrow at the dark suits around him. Laughter rises from the crowd.

It's the first day of trading on the TSX for CV Technologies Ltd., a company close to Cherry's heart because it makes the elixir he claims has spared him but a single cold in the last two years. More to the point, it pays him to pitch Cold-fX and, while he won't say how much (neither will the company), it's enough to make Cherry roll out that stage voice familiar from Saturday night in stalments of Coach's Corner, a kind of cracked baritone delivered in the staccato bursts of a drill sergeant. "Let's get those thumbs up!" he orders, and a cluster of grinning company officials draws tighter for a snapshot. When it comes time to raise a mimosa to the company's future, Chetry leads the toast.

For CV Technologies, this is a badly needed pick-me-up—well worth whatever the man in the three-inch collar is charging. In the run-up to today's launch, while preparing to announce a $30-million U.S. expansion plan, the Edmonton-based upstart had suffered its first real spell of bad press. A Vancouver newspaper questioned the clinical trial data surrounding Cold-fX, citing a review by two researchers from the University of British Columbia. The researchers' argument was rooted in confusing math, but boiled down to its essentials, it suggested that the ginseng-based product is a lot less effective than the marketing material indicates, that there's little evidence it fends off colds any better than a placebo. When you're the maker of the country's leading cold and flu remedy, those are serious charges.

For days leading up to its March stock launch, the company floundered. First, CV executives hid behind a press release defending their clinical practices. Then they waged a war of whispers, painting the UBC researchers as sloppy and motivated by ill will, a response that made them look childish. Today, Cherry is showing them how to stand up for themselves. In interview after interview from the TSX's in-house television studio, he scowls at the camera as if daring his questioner to ruin CV's big day. "You wouldn't be asking me about it if the story had been positive," he snaps to *Maclean's* during a break in an anteroom. "I've been in the [media] business for 23 years, and I know that anything negative people write about. If it were the coming of Lord Jesus, you'd ask what took him so long. That's the way the media is." As for concerns about Cold-fX's science, the big man sneers. "It works for me. I take two every day."

Maybe. But even Cherry admits that Cold-fX has enjoyed an unprecedented honeymoon since it became nationally available three years ago. Blessed with patient financial backers and moving largely under the radar of the scientific establishment, the remedy has gone from a well-kept secret among athletes to a staple of medicine cabinets across the country. Last year, Cold-fX accounted for nearly all of CV's $32 million in sales, more than quadruple its previous year's total. In the first quarter of 2006, the company's revenue soared to almost $19 million, as Cold-fX outsold established competitors like Nyquil and Tylenol Cold & Flu. To put that in perspective, consider that the leading equivalent in the U.S. averaged $25 million per quarter last year. Then consider that the U.S. market is 10 times the size of Canada's.

It has been, in short, a sales and marketing coup—the kind of story that makes celebrities out of the lonely visionaries who dream up the big idea. At CV Technologies, that role is filled by Jacqueline Shan, president, CEO and "chief scientific officer," a woman whose winsome features now appear throughout the company's promotional material. Doll-like in appearance but possessed of grim tenacity, Shan came to Canada from China in 1991, armed with a doctorate in pharmacology and an abiding faith in the restorative powers of *panax quinquefolium*, or ginseng. While obtaining a Ph.D. in physiology from the University of Alberta, she helped devise a method to identify the chemicals in natural compounds, which CV later trademarked under the name ChemBioPrint. From there, it was a question of applying her methods to develop an alternative remedy of her own. In 1996, Cold-fX was born.

It was a long shot of sorts because, if the truth be known, even herbologists didn't regard ginseng as a cold fighter. Panax is recommended in traditional Chinese medicine to enhance energy and memory, or, if you're a man, to maintain your erection. Shan and her team were drawing from more recent studies suggesting an extract from the root might bolster the immune system. Moreover, she says, their use of clinical trials sets them apart from most other makers of natural remedies. "We're considered a bit of an oddball, because we were sort of sitting in two worlds. We're producing a natural health product, but using a pharmaceutical approach. There's not much understanding on the part of the public or business firms."

Of course, "understanding" and "buzz" are two different things, and Shan's real talent turned out to be getting her product into the right hands—the type of people with profile and influence. In Canada there is no one more influential than a hockey star, something Shan learned after taking her Cold-fX to Ken Lowe, the Edmonton Oilers' trainer in the mid-1990s. Lowe had reached the limit of his patience fighting the respiratory ailments that spread uncontrollably in the fug of an NHL dressing room over the course of a long hockey season. So he allowed CV to test its products on the Oilers over a couple of seasons. The experiment proved a turning point, providing Shan preliminary test subjects and her brand with cachet. If Cold-fX was good enough for high-performance athletes, a cold-sufferer might reason, could the rest of us go wrong?



DR. JACQUELINE SHAN, CEO and chief scientific officer of CV Technologies Inc., consults with Leon Gu, manager of Laboratory Operations, in Edmonton

Soon, word that Cold-fX is both safe and effective took off in the echo chamber of top-flight hockey, eventually leading to its most important endorsement deal. Don Cherry had learned of the remedy from the Oilers' general manager, Glen Sather, and quickly became a convert. The irascible commentator had been taking it for three or four months when his on-air sidekick, Ron MacLean, passed word back to CV that they had a potential spokesman in Cherry. It was as if Shan had dropped a pebble into a pool of free publicity.

There now seems no end to the luminaries willing to sing the product's benefits. Literary legend Margaret Atwood told an interviewer last year that she swears by it. "It's used by hockey players," she said, as if the statement were self-explanatory. Michael Burgess, the Broadway performer, Yanic Perreault, a centre with the Nashville Predators, Todd Marchant, a forward with the Anaheim Mighty Ducks, Graham Rynbend, the trainer for the Montreal Canadiens; the entire Edmonton Eskimos football team—all have provided testimonials on the company's website. In February, when the Canadian men's Olympic hockey team boarded



CHERRY DEFIED ANYONE WHO TED TO RUIN THE COMPANY'S BIG DAY AT THE TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE



LUCAS OLENIUK/TORONTO STAR (LEFT) JOHN ULAN/EPIC PHOTOGRAPHY

the plane for Turin, they carried the remedy amid their bundles of sticks and sock tape.

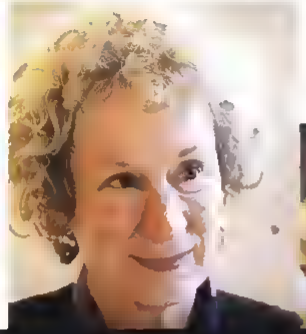
Why the preponderance of athletes? "Not getting sick is our biggest challenge," explains Clara Hughes, the Olympic speed skater who won a gold medal in Turin, and a frequent user of Cold-fX. "We're stressed out, we're travelling on airplanes right after having done hard training sessions. We basically have no immune system." Hughes claims no expertise, but describes herself as "a pretty good guinea pig" for Cold-fX, which she's been using for three years. "If I do happen to get sick, it helps me get over the illness a lot faster," she says. "That's key."

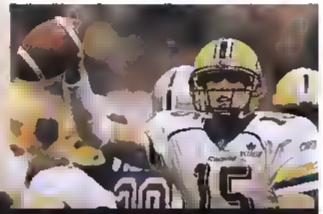
Given this kind of testimony, and given the recent wave of press stories crediting Shan with bringing clinical rigour to the woolly business of natural medicine, it required a certain level of nerve to question the slogan that appears on every bottle of Cold-fX—"Trust the Science." Enter James McCormack and Peter Loewen, two pharmaceutical researchers from UBC with a background in testing drug companies' claims. They were intrigued by the success of Cold-fX, and Shan's claims to have proven the product in clinical trials. So they decided to parse the results of three of CV Technologies' studies. They wanted to test the validity of that catchphrase.

To put it mildly, their conclusions, first published in the *Vancouver Sun*, diverged sharply from the popular folklore surrounding Cold-fX. In two of the trials, the ginseng constituent in Cold-fX failed to overcome what is known as the p-value, they said, or the probability that chance explained the reductions in lab-confirmed respiratory illnesses. The company's response to this roadblock was to combine the two studies to produce a statistically significant result, a method McCormack denounced as "data mining." "It's torturing the data until it confesses," he said. A third trial, intended to determine whether takers of ginseng extract caught fewer colds, also underwhelmed the UBC duo. In a final sample of 279 subjects, those on the ginseng contracted 0.25 fewer colds on average than the placebo group over a four-month period. That's an improvement, the professors agreed. But it's not the sure-fire "cold and flu fighter" customers have come to expect.

The message encoded in the McCormack-Loewen findings seemed devastating. Not only did it challenge CV's claim to a science-based operation, it highlighted how heavily Cold-fX and all so-called "preventative" remedies rely on consumer faith—from vitamins on down. If someone suffering sniffles decides to take Cold-fX, we might ask, can we really credit the medicine when the symptoms pass? How do we know the virus didn't merely run its course? Such common sense questions had been lost in the excitement surrounding the remedy. Given the UBC team's findings, they suddenly seemed relevant.

Perhaps more importantly, the study served as a reminder that CV has never clinically tested Cold-fX the way most people take it. All of the company's formal trials to date have seen subjects taking regular doses over extended periods. But apart from a few true believers like Cherry, who swallow one or two capsules daily, most customers use it as a rapid-response treatment, purchasing the special, three-day dosage as soon as they feel a tickle at the back of their throats. Following instructions on the label, they take nine capsules on the first day, six on the second day and three on the third. But CV tested this regimen on an informal basis only, during its early experiments with the Edmonton Oilers. Shan says the company will at some point subject it to full trials. But she can't say when.





**FOR NOW, THE BELIEVERS APPEAR TO HAVE THE UPPER HAND**



**ALL-STARS** Margaret Atwood, the Edmonton Eskimos football team and the Oilers hockey club have touted the benefits of Cold-fX

The questions raised by McCormack and Loewen also added to general concerns experts have about research in alternative remedies. Ronald Turner, a pediatrician from the University of West Virginia, has a background in the testing of echinacea, and wrote an accompanying commentary when CV's most recent trial was published in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal*. "My tone was somewhere between cautious and skeptical," he recalls. "I was not convinced." While Turner credited CV Technologies with proper blinding methods (essentially, ensuring the smell, taste or feel of the product being tested don't give it away), he wanted a better explanation of what makes Cold-fX work. The researchers cited past studies indicating certain polysaccharides in ginseng enhance the immune system, Turner acknowledged. "But it is not clear how these relate to viral respiratory infection," he wrote in his commentary. "The proposed mechanism of action of ginseng is unclear."

For a company like CV, which has staked its identity to science, such talk could be a deadly contagion. If it taints the views of institutional investors needed to back a U.S. expansion, the company could be stopped in its tracks. "Sooner or later [people] will get a cold and stop taking the product," predicted one bearish trader on *Stockhouse.com*, an investor chatroom. "I think the company is grossly overvalued."

Claude Camire, a pharmaceutical and biotech analyst for Toronto-based Paradigm Capital Inc., was among several Bay Street analysts who questioned CV's long-term viability after hearing about the UBC review. Natural remedies don't enjoy the same kind of patent protections as mainstream drugs, he noted; as a result, they are too reliant on marketing. "If you tell me their clinical trials don't back the product up, well, they'll have very few analysts to take a gamble on perception."

But as the weeks go by, a curious tension

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: ADRIAN WYLD/CP; CHUCK STOODY/CP; JOHN ULAN/CP

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has emerged between these naysayers and the believers who have brought Cold-fX prominence—a contest, if you will, between rational skepticism and native intuition. For now, the believers appear to have



## CV HASN'T CLINICALLY TESTED COLD-FX THE WAY MOST TAKE IT





TESTIMONIALS: Broadway performer Michael Burgess, Yanic Perreault of the Nashville Predators and Turin gold medal winner Clara Hughes praise the product on the company's website

the upper hand. Cherry's tongue-lashing cowed the media and inspired his friends at CV to pen lengthy responses to run in the *Sun* and its sister CanWest papers. The company reports that March sales have been as strong as ever. At the same time, high-profile patrons have leapt to defend the product, questioning the McCormack Loewen study instead of CV's therapeutic claims. "You can make statistics say whatever you want," says Lowe, the Oilers' trainer. "The thing that's always impressed me about Cold-fX is that they put their [information] on the table. I have no problem saying this stuff works."

Hughes, who says she receives a small amount of financial support from CV, acknowledges the uncertainty surrounding preventative remedies. But she suggests that people trust their own judgment. "Of course I can't say whether it's scientifically proven," she says. "But you know whether something works when you use it more than once. I've been using [Cold-fX] for about three years now, and I believe it's more than coincidence when I see something work three or four or five times."

As for skeptical investment houses, CV has at least a couple of cards up its sleeve. One is an influential stable of backers, as useful in the financial world as athletes are in the marketing sphere. Cherry himself owns an undisclosed number of shares, while the company's board features some heavyweights of Alberta industry, science and academe. They include Bruce Buchanan, the former owner of Sunpine Forest Products, whose 19 million units make him CV's largest single shareholder; Gordon Tallman, chairman of the Enbridge Income Fund; Patricia Trottier, a founding director of the Canadian Investor Relations Institute. These stakeholders are prepared to ride out the bumps, say company officials, while CV works to soften up the analysts on Bay Street.

Another is the company's plan for further, much more extensive, testing. Shan's continental expansion plan calls for some $30 million worth of clinical trials in the United States, which are required by that country's Food and Drug Administration to sell Cold-fX as an over-the-counter medicine. The firm has also begun a study involving 720 subjects in Vancouver, Edmonton and Toronto. Positive results in these trials would do much to silence the critics, smoothing CV's way into the $4-billion U.S. cold and flu market. Ever the optimist, Shan speaks of potential partnerships with established pharmaceutical companies, and of marketing Cold-fX globally.

The alternative, of course, is too chilling to contemplate: negative or even inconclusive results would likely trigger a sell-off of stock, eating away at the $350 million in market capital CV racked up as a junior player on the TSX Venture Exchange. Even if it was still allowed under U.S. law to market Cold-fX as a cold remedy, CV would then have to answer to thousands of mom-and-pop investors who have banked on its future. (This may explain why the market has greeted the firm so coolly: after debuting on the main TSX at $3.50, CV's stock was hovering last week around $2.60.)

Suffice to say, Shan appears to have banished such thoughts from her mind as she stands amid supporters in the TSX's television studio, preparing to enter the financial big leagues. Looming before her is a 10-m wall of tickers and monitors, which now forms the backdrop for financial channels going live from the exchange. Her duties on this day involve passing her hand across an electronic screen, which will unleash a frenzy of sirens, applause and flashing lights to signal the start of trading. The whole thing's for show, of course: computers long ago dispensed with the need for an actual trading floor. But it's a pleasing distraction—perfect for a day when Shan would just as soon have the media, the market and consumers refocused on her hard-won success. Selling cold remedies, after all, is not always about curing the tickle at the back of your throat. Sometimes, it's about stopping the one at the back of your mind. M

TONICS

### HOW TO GET ADDICTED TO VITAMIN C

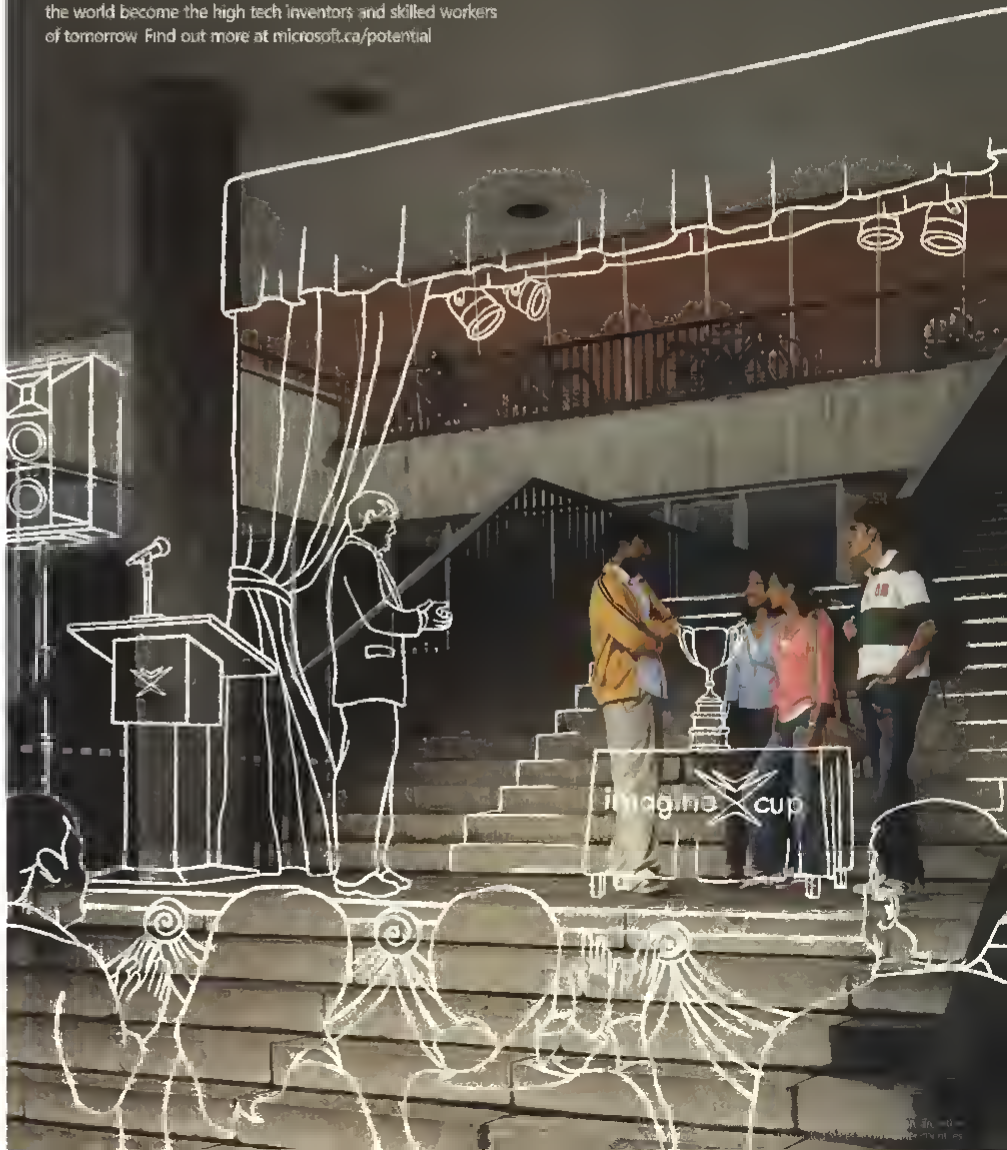
VitaCigs, a cigarette produced by Quebecer Roger Ouellette, promise not only to smell better than conventional cigarettes, but to not stain your teeth. Best of all, Ouellette says, they deliver Vitamin C with every puff. Health Canada officials say that no cigarette made with tobacco is safe, and so far the only one convinced of their value is Ouellette's wife, Gisele, who puffs on a pack a day. "I'm happy. I don't have to quit anymore," she says.

TOP TO BOTTOM: ERROL MCGIHON/CP; ELSA/GETTY IMAGES; PAUL CHIASSON/CP


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# The doctor is totally in

## On the 150th anniversary of Freud's birth, science is proving he was right

BY NORMAN DOIDGE • It's Freud's 150th birthday on May 6 and I'm in Vienna, standing in the now empty consulting room in Freud's home office at Berggasse 19, where the psychoanalytic couch was, and where all those now famous patients—the Wolf Man, the Rat Man, and Dora—unburdened themselves. Here Freud learned, by listening to Dora, about our tendency to unconsciously transfer scenes and wishes from the past onto the present. In his bedroom down the hall, he dreamed his dreams and began to analyze them. A few steps away, in his library, he wrote *The Interpretation of Dreams*, the book that argued the scientists of his day were wrong: dreams were not merely the flotsam and jetsam of tired brains, but decodable visual images of unconscious wishes, feelings and conflicts that drive so much human behaviour.

This year is Sigmund Freud Year in Vienna, which is honouring Freud as its great intellectual. Austrian President Dr. Heinz Fischer is patron and will visit this place, now a museum, on May 6. But these rooms are mostly empty because Austria did little to save Freud, a Jew, when the Nazi Gestapo knocked on the door in 1938, arrested his daughter, Anna, and took her for interrogation. That was Freud's worst day. Ultimately, Freud, Anna and the immediate family were rescued by a French princess, Marie Bonaparte, Napoleon's descendant, who asked to be arrested along with Anna; Bonaparte whisked them, Freud's library and furniture, off to London, but neither Bonaparte, nor Freud's stature, could save his two sisters from being murdered in concentration camps. (Freud's brother, Alexander, escaped via Switzerland and died in Toronto in 1943.) Forced by the Gestapo to sign a statement saying he had not been ill treated, the cancer-stricken 82 year-old ironist wrote, "I can most highly recommend the Gestapo to everyone."

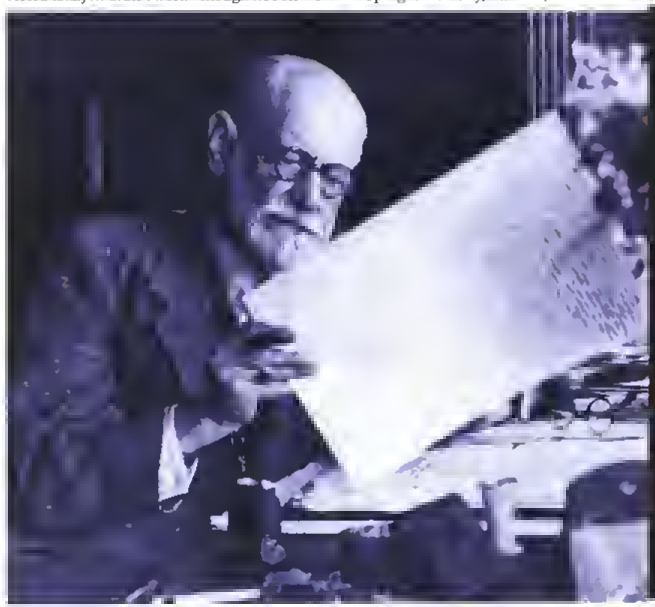
Yet this year the mood is festive, and Freud's scientific stature is having a revival. When Freud died in 1939, poet W.H. Auden summed up his influence in his elegy: *To us he is no more a person now / but a whole climate of opinion / under whom we conduct our different lives.* Toward the end of the 20th century, Freud became the most cited intellectual in the Western world. But now that he was at the top of the intellectual heap, the Freud-bashing began. *Time* and other magazine covers declared "Freud is Dead." Some psychopharmacologists, behaviourists and feminists declared Freud passé, or wrong. Practitioners of briefer therapies, often lasting 10 sessions, asserted they could accomplish as much as analysts who saw patients four times a week for several years, while managed-care insurance companies, anxious to substitute cheaper drug treatments for therapy, asserted analysis didn't work—though not on the basis of any scientific studies, which in fact showed it did. They often got away with it because "talk therapy" did not seem as exciting as the new neuroscience, and scientists weren't sure how to prove the brain had "unconscious" thoughts. Psychiatry became increasingly interested in the brain and behaviour, and inclined to leave out the mind and subjective experience.

So—how are things looking today, scientifically speaking?

Psychoanalysis is having a very good day today. In 2005, a new study from the University of Göttingen, Germany, showed that 80 per cent of patients in analysis showed significant improvement: their symptoms decreased and they improved their interpersonal problems and general sense of well being—and continued to improve a year after their analyses ended. These patients did better than those in shorter-term treatments. This supplements a series of recent German studies that show patients in psychoanalysis and related therapies end up using less medication, have fewer visits to doctors, days off work, or days in hospital than others. Another study, by Rolf Sandell of Linkoping University, Sweden, showed that patients in psychoanalysis—compared to those who have less intensive therapy—continue to make more gains, even three years after therapy, and to hold on to the gains they have made. Those who have had analysis are also far less likely to require more treatment later in life.

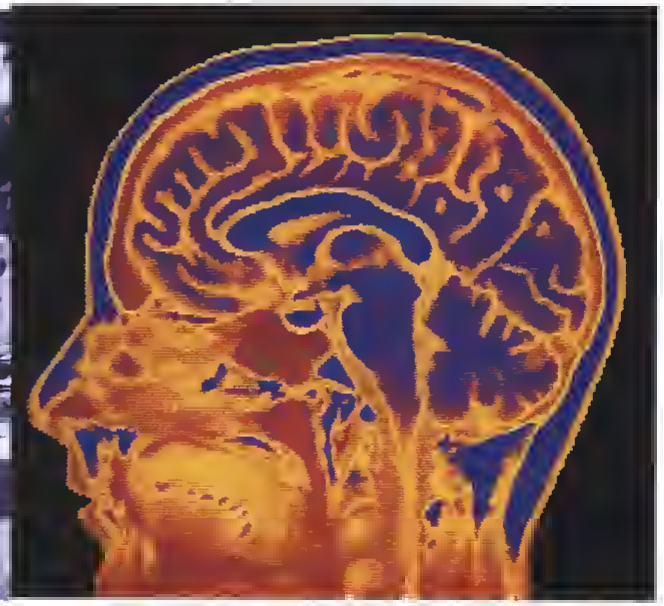
But the most exciting story is the way neuroscience, with its new generation of brain scans, is supporting Freud's assertion that the majority of our thinking, and much of our motivation, goes on beyond our conscious awareness, or is unconscious.

Freud was originally neither a psychiatrist nor psychologist, but a neuroscientist, who worked in a lab and who made important discoveries about the brain's nerve cells, or neurons. Freud argued, in the 1890s, that neurons connect between small junctions, now called synapses, and that when we learn, two neurons fire at the same time and they connect more closely. When he began seeing patients, he wrote a manuscript called "The Project." His goal was to unite the science of the brain with a science of the mind and meaning. But he eventually concluded that brain science was not yet up to the task. So he turned to understanding the mental triggers for, and meaning of, emotional and psychiatric symptoms. Psychoanalysis was born. Still, he made sure it was consistent with what was known about the brain. He soon discovered we are often not conscious of the triggers of our symptoms or emotional reactions.



FREUD IN AUSTRIA in 1938. That yeer his deughter would be errested by the Nezis

CORBIS



BRAIN SCANS ere vindicating Freud's belief in formetive eerly-childhood experiences

MEHMET KULYK / PHOTO RESEARCHERS

Now, brain scanning techniques can show us our brain while it does mental processing, and study of the mind and brain can be bridged. A new discipline called neuropsychoanalysis is completing Freud's project, made up of many of the world's most impressive neuroscientists, such as Nobel Prize-winner Eric Kandel, Antonio Damasio, Jaak Panksepp, Oliver Sacks, Joseph LeDoux, V.S. Ramachandran, and like-minded psychoanalysts. They are drawn to Freud because they see him as having a far more adequate picture of mind and brain integration than those who see the brain as nothing more than a sophisticated chemistry set, into which you add medications to make it work better. Medication has a role, but it is not everything.

Kandel is one of the driving forces behind these developments. Kandel says he himself "benefited greatly" from being psychoanalyzed, and wanted to become a psychoanalyst. He reasoned that psychoanalysis and other therapies work by learning, and he set out to understand learning and memory in the brain. He won his Nobel Prize in 2000 for showing that when animals learn and remember, the actual structure between the nerves changes, and the synaptic connections strengthen—as Freud imagined, sitting in Berggasse 19. Kandel's was one of the most compelling proofs that the brain is "plastic," and that thinking changes the brain structure. Indeed, a number of recent studies show that psychotherapy actually rewires the brain, and its changes are no less structural than those seen with medication.

Brain scans now show that thought processing goes on beyond awareness, and desires, emotions and emotional conflicts can actually be unconscious. This means we can, for example, have guilt without being aware of it, or anger or attraction toward others that we dare not face. A 2004 study by Kandel and his colleagues at Columbia University, New York, published in *Neuron*, demonstrated that when people are shown photos of frightened faces too fast for them to register consciously, the almond-shaped amygdyla, a part of the brain that processes anxiety and emotions, lights up on functional magnetic resonance imaging—fMRI scans. The study also showed that the amygdyle uses one set of neurons when we "perceive" an emotional experience unconsciously, and an other set when we perceive it consciously.

Scientists studying brainwaves—the electrical fields given off when thousands of our neuron cells fire—have learned to detect "recognition waves," forms of brain activity manifested when the brain recognizes something. Dr. Howard Shevrin at the University of Michigan has used these techniques to examine Freud's theories. After subjects received extensive psychological testing by clinicians to determine their core unconscious emotional conflicts—e.g. hidden guilt, anxiety, or love and hate for someone—words summarizing those conflicts were flashed at them in two ways. First they were flashed subliminally, too fast for the subjects to consciously register them. Next they were flashed "supraliminally," or just fast enough for them to register. When words connected to a patient's unconscious conflicts were flashed subliminally, their brains had a quick recognition wave. When they were flashed supraliminally, or consciously, the patients were very slow to recognize them. In other words, their brains recognized their conflicts unconsciously, but had inhibited conscious recognition of them. When words having nothing to do with their conflicts were flashed, the pattern was reversed—i.e. we don't repress unconflicted ideas.

Freud's theory that dreams are "the royal road" to understanding unconscious thought has also received support from brain imaging. Allen Braun, a researcher at the National




**2001: WHAT REALLY MADE GADDAFI SEE THE LIGHT**

A newly released diplomatic cable sheds light on how Libya's Mu'emmer Geddafi ended his internetionel notoriety. The cable, deted Sept. 20, 2001, ceme from the U.S. embessy in Tripoli end seid the Libyen leeder wes so frightened he'd be e terget for revenge for 9/11 that his diplomats begged Egypt's president end the Jordenien king to esk Weshington to spere his life. The cable boested that Geddefi celled "every Arab leeder in his Rolodex."



THE SIGMUND FREUD MUSEUM in Vienna, which once served as his home and office

Institutes of Health in Washington, has used positron emission tomography (PET) scans to measure brain activity in dreaming subjects. He has shown that the region known as the limbic system, which processes emotion, sexual, survival and aggressive instincts, and interpersonal attachments, shows high activity in dreaming. But the prefrontal cortex, an area responsible for achieving goals, discipline, postponing gratification and controlling our impulses, shows lower activity.

With the emotional instinctual processing areas of the brain turned on, and the part that controls our impulses relatively inhibited, it is no wonder wishes and impulses we normally restrain, or are unaware of, are more likely to be expressed in dreams.

**IT IS NO WONDER WISHES AND IMPULSES WE NORMALLY RESTRAIN ARE EXPRESSED IN DREAMS**

Another Freudian idea that is being vindicated by brain scans is how formative early childhood experience is. Before Freud, it was assumed that since most adults couldn't recall very early childhood, all that occurred then—good or bad—was forgotten. Now, brain scans and other techniques show that when infants undergo great stress (such as extended separation) or depression, a part of the brain called the hippocampus, required for laying down verbal or "explicit" memories, shrinks and stops functioning normally. A study in the *American Journal of Psychiatry* in 2002 showed the hippocampus of depressed adults who suffered childhood trauma is 18 per cent smaller than that of depressed adults without childhood trauma. This contributes to sketchy memories of traumatic events. But that doesn't mean the events don't affect us. Another memory system, called the implicit memory system, which encodes our emotional patterns for relating, does register the trauma. So traumas can be encoded without us being able to remember them.

Freud divided the mind into the ego (the aspect of ourselves, part conscious, part unconscious, that regulates the rest of us, and is the seat of rational thought and our sense of who we are), and the id (which includes our repressed unconscious wishes). The goal of the analytic cure was "Where id was, there shall ego be," i.e., to learn to consciously reclaim and regulate those unconscious parts of ourselves that seemed like alien, driven urges. Scans show that the prefrontal lobes are the part of the brain that performs ego functions of regulation. (During post-traumatic states, when people have flashbacks and emotional control is lost, blood flow to the prefrontal lobes decreases.) A 2001 brain scan study from UCLA of depressed patients treated with interpersonal psychotherapy—a treatment Kandel's Columbia colleague Myrna Weissman developed by taking some key features from psychoanalytic approaches—showed that prefrontal brain activity normalizes with treatment. Kandel is now on the board of the Ellison Medical Foundation, which is looking into developing routine ways of using fMRI scans to evaluate psychotherapy outcomes, and his institution, Columbia University, just received the largest ever grant to a single university faculty, $200 million, for a neuroscience research program called "Mind, Brain and Behavior," which Kandel will co-direct. This will help realize Freud's "project" of developing a picture of humanity in which mind and brain are not kept separate, but are seen as two sides of the same coin.

We all should be so dead. M


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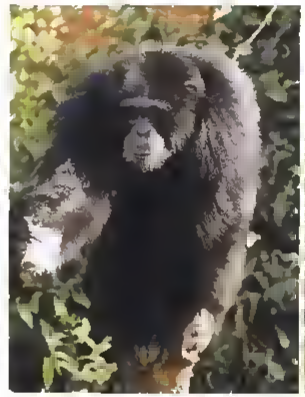

# 'RAMPAGE' IN THE RAINFOREST

## Chimps—yes chimps—savagely murder a cabbie in Sierra Leone

BY BARBARA WIGHTON • In the early morning hours of Sunday, April 23, a taxi carrying three Caddell Construction workers from the nearly completed American embassy in Freetown, Sierra Leone, made the 30-minute trip up a mountainside to the Tacugama Chimpanzee Sanctuary. The men must have decided to visit on a lark: neither they, nor their driver, Issa Kanu, nor another local, had called ahead. Unknown to the men, as their car ascended the final steep climb into the 100-acre preserve, something inside had gone wrong. Tacugama founder and mainstay, conservationist Bala Amarasekaran, was away at a primate conference in the Netherlands. His 10 employees were in the process of feeding the animals, 83 chimps ranging from tiny infants to the alpha male, 20-year old, 230-lb. Bruno, when a group of 27 got out of the electrified compound.

What happened next is one of those flukes that so often results in tragedy. The workers' cab encountered a closed gate, meant to bar unannounced visitors. The chimps encountered the cab. Minutes later Kanu was dead—dragged out of his car and bitten in the head after the chimps smashed the windshield. His companions were also bitten, one so badly he lost a hand. An American, sub contractor Gary Brown of Pflugerville, Texas, says he went for help, in Sierra Leone, a lush paradise on the Atlantic Ocean where a savage civil war raged until 2003, soldiers are never far away. Brown says he found troops who ran to the scene and fired rifles into the air. Many of the chimps that took part in the attack are orphans that saw their parents shot dead by bush hunters. Others lived at Tacugama during the civil war. The animals fled. Inside the preserve's buildings, staffers frantically phoned the genial man known to most of Freetown simply as Bala, and told him to come home.

At week's end, Bala had spent four days in the hills trying to find Bruno, the chimp he bought from a roadside vendor in 1988 for $30, and an animal "he would die for," according to Shirley McGreal of the International Primate Protection League in Summerville, S.C. Another huge male named Phillip and 13 more were also missing. The rest came back without incident. The country's president, Ahmad Tejan Kabbah, who had attended Tacugama's 10th anniversary celebrations last October along with U.S. ambassador Peter Chaveas and some 500 others, immediately issued a no-kill order. "That is a tribute to Bala," says friend Jane Dewar, founder of the Gorilla Haven rescue centre in Morganton, Ga. Still, Doug Cress, head of the Pan African Sanctuary Alliance that represents 17 primate sanctuaries in 12 countries, feared the worst. "Right now the radio is broadcasting warnings to people to stay inside. There are armed guards everywhere."





Alphe mele Bruno (left) and 13 more chimpanzees from Tacugama were still on the loose

**'RIGHT NOW PEOPLE HAVE BEEN WARNED TO STAY INSIDE. ARMED GUARDS ARE EVERYWHERE.'**

In Freetown, newspaper headlines screamed "Rampage." Other stories intimated the animals were starving. Nonsense, says Dewar. "If the caregivers were doing their morning routine and got distracted by people coming up the road, it only takes one nanosecond for a chimp to take advantage." Meeting men they do not recognize, unaccompanied by any of their familiar caregivers, would mean a challenge to their territory, she explains. As for the savagery of the attack, says Dewar, "Do you know humans who get into a rage and they are just blinded? That's what happens to chimps. They lose it. They don't mean to. I tell people it would be like a two year old with a machete."

Here in North America, where the image of chimps has been shaped by Cheeta of the Tarzan movies and *Bedtime for Bonzo*, the public could be excused for viewing the animals as cuddly and cute. Ironically many people visit places like Tacugama, where chimps have broken free in the past and done no harm, without ever contemplating the danger inherent in keeping highly intelligent wild animals like Bruno—with five times the strength of a linebacker—behind a fence that might not hold them. In California last year, a man was nearly killed by two smaller chimps that escaped a sanctuary compound. His wife lost a thumb. The couple was there to see Moe, a 30-year old chimp they had donated after keeping him since infancy in a cage the size of an office cubicle. He had broken free and terrified the neighbours. They had taken a birthday cake for him.

Primatologist Jane Goodall has said that people have no concept of the "majesty" of the chimpanzee. And there is the dilemma. With horrifying accidents like the one at Tacugama, says McGreal, the future of sanctuaries will be in question. "So much of these places are based on education programs and bringing children in, and now they won't be able to," says McGreal. "It's a killer." Issu Kanu's family would surely agree. M

MAN vs. NATURE

**PRICKLY MENACE YIELDS FIERCE POTIONS**

The villagers of Kenya's Borebu settlement are battling a proliferation of crop-eating porcupines. They've turned to Mzee "Kerongo" Omee, an expert trapper whose experience with the prickly pests goes back to the 1940s. Kerongo (whose name means porcupine in a local language) kills the animals, then sells them for use in traditional medicine or in potions fed to cattle "to make them fierce at night in case rustlers strike."

# 'IN GERMANY, I HAVE BODYGUARDS, BUT HRE [IN AFGHANISTAN], ONLY GOD IS MY BODYGUARD' —AFGHAN RAPPER DJ BƧHO, ON HIS LIMITED NEED FOR A SECURITY DETAIL

## DJ BESHO
### A REAL DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH

Hip hop has arrived in Afghanistan thanks to **DJ Besho**, a 28-year old rapper whose family fled the war-torn country when he was 10, before finally settling in Germany, where Besho honed his chops. These days, he shuttles between the two countries, careful to steer his Afghan repertoire clear of references to booty and bling (although his DJ handle means "diamond" in Dari). His videos are in frequent rotation on the popular Tolo TV station, and his knack for turning traditional Afghan love songs into modern-day rhymes has been so successful that Afghan President **Hamid Karzai** requested a meeting—unfortunately, Besho arrived too late and missed the opportunity. Though condemned by devout Muslims for defying the restriction against deriving pleasure from music, Besho is very secure in his faith, especially when it comes to a common concern among rappers: security. "In Germany, I have bodyguards, but here [in Afghanistan], only God is my bodyguard."

## KINKY FRIEDMAN
### TAKING A CHAINSAW TO WUSSY TEXAS

**Kinky Friedman**, a Jewish country singer and mystery novelist, has thrown his Stetson into the ring as an independent candidate for the top job in Texas. Provided he submits the required 45,000 signatures by May 11 to get himself on the ballot, Friedman, 61, has a real shot at winning the gubernatorial contest on Nov. 7. Friedman, who appeared in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2*, hired the former campaign director of **Jesse "The Body" Ventura**, who was elected Minnesota governor in 1998, and has raised three times as much money as the state's top two Democratic candidates combined. Friedman is on a mission to "dewussify" Texas and has a platform that includes returning 15 per cent of all property taxes paid in 2004, raising teachers' salaries, reinstating a children's health insurance program, and developing the state's renewable energy output. His campaign slogan? "How hard can it be?"

## RICKY WILLIAMS
### ANOTHER SEASON GOES UP IN SMOKE

The latest, and possibly final, chapter of **Ricky Williams'** pro football career ended last week when the 28-year old running back lost his appeal and was suspended from the NFL for failing another drug test—one of 10 a month he's been forced to take since coming out of retirement last June. Blessed with Hall of Fame potential, Williams has proven incapable of handling the pressure that comes with being a sports star. In 2004, after his third failed test (for marijuana), the Miami Dolphin left the game he didn't love and escaped to Australia—living in a tent, eating organic and spending his days doing yoga and smoking pot. But his responsibilities to three children, their mothers and the Dolphins resulted in his return a year later. Williams promises to be back on the Dolphins roster in 2007. But maybe we'll see him up here—last week the Toronto Argos reserved his CFL rights.

## VENUS WILLIAMS
### WHEN IN LONDON, MIND THE GAP

Remaining true to tradition is one thing, but when the All England Club announced last week that the female champion at Wimbledon this July will earn about $1.25 million—$60,000 less than the men's winner—many argued that it showed an unwillingness among organizers to join the 21st century. Former champion **Chris Evert** (inset) described it as "a black mark on the sport," and **Venus Williams**, the 2005 winner, went further, saying "This is not just about women's tennis but about women all over the world." Wimbledon is the only Grand Slam event that doesn't pay its champions equally (the U.S. Open has done so for 32 years), the Australian Open since 2001, and the French Open starting this year). Many on the tour have promised to take action, but for the fans' sake have ruled out boycotting the tournament.

LEFT TO RIGHT: GEORGE PIMENTEL; ABACA; AP; AP

## JOHN BRADY
### 'GUNS AND WOODS AND HARO ORINKING'

In *Poacher's Road*, the debut entry in his new police series, **John Brady** sends his protagonist—a 22-year old rookie Austrian cop—to conduct a streetproofing class at an elementary school. The kids are little horrors and their instructor is no help. "Yeah," laughs Brady, a Grade 5 teacher in Bradford, Ont., and one of Canada's most acclaimed mystery writers, "that's an ironic self-portrait. I get a lot of troubled kids and I'm more inclined to laugh at them than chastise them. But I wouldn't be sentimental about kids—they can be brutes." Brady's novels aren't sentimental about anything. Irish-born, but a Canadian resident for the last 30 years, he set his first series in Dublin. Now he's moved on to his wife's ancestral home. "Rural Austria is all guns and woods and hard drinking," he says. "The boundary between past and present is permeable." Just like Ireland.

## MELISSA AUF DER MAUR
### PEMBROKE IS THE NEW MONTREAL

When Montreal-born **Melissa Auf der Maur** released her 2004 solo debut (after years of playing bass for **Hole** and **Smashing Pumpkins**), all she cared about was proving that she could rock. This time, she says, the priorities are lyrics and melody. So she left New York City for Pembroke, Ont. ("A sweet small Canadian town, very Ottawa Valley—almost exotic for a Montrealer.") There, she's working with producer **Jordan Zadorozny**, the guitarist from her first band **Tinker**. She's also taken a side trip to Chicago to record a song with **Billy Corgan**, even though he didn't ask her to be part of the Pumpkins' reunion CD. "I'm not an original member," explains Auf der Maur. "I was always a guest. But if the opportunity came around to do some touring with them, I'd say yes—they're one of my favourite bands."

## CHUNG MONG-KOO
### IS SOMEONE GETTING TAKEN FOR A RIDE?

Police arrested **Chung Mong-koo**, chairman of Hyundai Motor Co., on charges of embezzlement and breach of trust. The 68-year old, who runs South Korea's top carmaker, could face life in prison if the accusations are true that he stole money from affiliates to create a US$105-million slush fund to pay off political and corporate allies, and that he caused more than US$319 million in damages to the company. Chung's son, **Chung Eui-sun**, president of Hyundai's subsidiary Kia, is being questioned for similar charges. As a gesture of goodwill to the South Korean people, father and son have donated personal shares worth more than US$1.1 billion to charity. The move seems to have helped—at least, so far. Following news of the scandalous accusations, which some business leaders worried could have a major impact on the South Korean economy, the company's stock price only fell by three per cent.

## ANGELINA JOLIE
### BLACK WEDNESDAY, BROWN TOMORROW

It was a disastrous week for Britain's Labour party. On April 26, dubbed "Blair's Black Wednesday," there were widespread calls for Home Secretary **Charles Clarke**'s resignation relating to his failure to consider deporting more than 1,000 foreign criminals; Health Secretary **Patricia Hewitt** was jeered by the Royal College of Nursing following a speech, and Deputy Prime Minister **John Prescott** found himself embroiled in a sex scandal after the news of a two-year affair with his secretary was released. The only bright spot for Labour came courtesy of **Angelina Jolie**—currently in Namibia, Africa, preparing for the birth of her first child with **Brad Pitt**. During a conference call with Chancellor **Gordon Brown** (inset) regarding the need for universal primary school education in the developing world, the film star named Brown her pick to move into No. 10 Downing St. Now all he has to do is convince the country.

LEFT TO RIGHT: NO CREDIT; GETTY IMAGES; AP; GETTY IMAGES

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# Playing with the Google generation

**In his latest novel, Douglas Coupland has defined a new breed, and its world of video gaming, grow ops, Internet obsessions—and one nasty Ronald McDonald**

BY KEN MACQUEEN

books

Douglas Coupland is chewing gum in the classroom of a former North Vancouver elementary school. For almost two hours, he has graciously suspended his distrust of the interview/profile genre to expound on the social import of video games, the Google generation and the resulting loss of personal privacy. He's spoken of sexuality, Ronald McDonald, Terry Fox and the lessons of mud life. Some of these feature prominently in his latest novel, *JPod*, a quirky ode to Vancouver's video gaming industry, others are the tangents of a restless mind. With the interview over, I'm feeding him sticks from my Megapak of Wrigley's Extra, with that long-lasting spearmint flavour. "It smells like the gum my mother used to chew," he says.

This cuts me to the quick. I should be carrying Dubble Bubble at my age? At 44, he's younger than me by a mere six years, but he's hardly the sprightly youth who, back in 1991, shot to fame by defining the disaffection and dummed expectations of a generation. Anyway, there we are, Generation X and Generation Extra, chewing great wads of gum. We have an ulterior motive: we are creating art.

Down the hall, in what was the gymnasium, is *Vancouver School*, an installation Coupland created in collaboration with Graham Gillmore, Angela Grossmann, Attila Lukacs and Derek Root—decades-long friends since their salad days at Vancouver's renowned Emily Carr Institute of Art + Design. Their exhibit is a subversive look at the educational experience. The group had free rein to gut a recently closed school, as part of a project for the North Vancouver School District's innovative Artists for Kids program.

The result is a visual climbing wall made of porcelain water fountains, urinals and toilets. Two giant satellites hang from the ceiling: one bristles with tarnished trophies from glory days long gone, the other—a death star of old slide, film and overhead projectors. Inaudible announcements squawk over a PA system. A malevolent rubber strap hangs in one lighted alcove. Ah, the good old days.

We make for a pile of school desks, a lethal tangle of Formica and painted pipe. We're here to deposit our gum. Already, hundreds of touring children have been encouraged to do likewise. The result is, well, "disgusting," to quote the woman mopping the gym floor at the end of a day of school visits. "I can already tell, it's not very adhesive," says Coupland of his wad of Extra, a gum designed for a generation whose mouths have more bridgework than Burrard Inlet. He tries to mould a starfish onto the side of a desk. The wad resists, Coupland prevails. The result resembles a volcanic green zit, with a minty fresh aroma.



INSTALLATION ART by Coupland and his art-school friends

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS GEORGLEY (LEFT); DAVID JAMES (RIGHT)

A day earlier, curious about the impact of *Vancouver School* on impressionable minds, I'd followed a nonplussed elementary class around the exhibit. "Is this art?" asked the teacher, failing to generate debate among her slack-jawed charges. "What makes it art?" *Silence.* "Do you think," she said, desperate to stir the pot, "it's really weird?"

Such questions have dogged Coupland all his career and through most of his endeavours, from a start as a boy-wonder magazine writer in the late 1980s, through the authorship of more than a dozen books, and his work as a sculptor, visual artist, furniture designer, futurist, archivist and screenwriter. (His documentary, *Souvenir of Canada*, hits theatres later this month.) He's into so much that a *Maclean's* editor begs me to extract from him a self-definition: *what is he?* Coupland won't be pinned down. "I decided if I'm going to be creative, I'm going to express myself in the physical world in as many possible ways as I can besides just writing,' he says. "I have no idea what I do best. I just know if I didn't do it [all] I would be lesser for it."

Add park planner to the resumé. He's just back from Toronto, and the dedication of a future downtown park he helped design: the Terry Fox Miracle Mile. Coupland considers Fox a hero for the ages, one who'll survive as an inspirational force 1,000 years hence. Last year, he marked the 25th anniversary of Fox's run with *Terry*, a haunting and sentimental

tribute book, the royalties going to the Terry Fox Foundation. The book also springs from the successful battle against cancer by his friend and mentor Malcolm Parry, the gifted Vancouver journalist who first nurtured Coupland's talents in a series of magazines Parry edited in the late 1980s. Parry recalls publishing one of Coupland's early articles for *Vancouver Magazine*, "a little confection called Generation X." It eventually grew up to be Coupland's seminal first book.

Coupland was a regular visitor during Parry's convalescence. "He was here every third day," Parry recalls fondly. "He'd bring things like car magazines printed in Russian. Like, what the ... er, thanks very much, Doug," Parry says with a laugh.

"I owe everything to him," Coupland says of Parry. "The thing about living in the 21st century is you can get to forty-something and not have anyone major in your life die." Parry's illness awakened in Coupland a need for a charitable focus, "something outside myself." For him, it is the one-legged runner, and his inspiring, quixotic quest to raise cancer research funds. Other Fox projects are in the works. Fox is one of the few irony-free zones in Coupland's life. The rest of the world is fair game.

As Coupland settles into mid-life, he's discovered that his mountainside home in West Vancouver—with its creek, gardens and a decorative pond that's a regular stop for the North Shore's roaming tribe of black bears—is increasingly tough to leave for extended periods. It's been, then, both a revelation and a relief to realize that all the essential ingredients of a classic Coupland novel—cutting-edge societal trends, mega doses of irony and steaming wellsprings of weirdness—are here in abundance in the ol' hometown.

Vancouver was a vehicle for an exploration of loneliness in *Eleanor Rigby*, his ninth novel, released in late 2004. A year earlier, the cafeteria of North Vancouver's long-defunct Delbrook Senior Secondary School was the site of a fictional Columbine-style massacre (and an exploration of spirituality) in *Hey Nostradamus!*, perhaps his most acclaimed, though hardly his most famous, work. Now comes *JPod*, a flat-out fun play on the video-gaming industry.

*JPod* hits familiar ground: the cubicle-farm existence of a brittle and brilliant group of techies toiling in the hot, hot, hot knowledge industry of the day. A decade ago, in his *Microserfs*, it was the cult-like world of Bill Gates's Microsoft and the slippery slope of Silicon Valley tech start-ups. This time, the disaffected young'uns create, recreate and sabotage an endlessly morphing video game. The inmates of JPod, thrown together by bureaucratic logic at its purest—their surnames begin with "J"—work at a soulless corporate campus in suburban Burnaby. Much of the pod's creative energy goes into hiding a subplot in the gaming code that involves a homicidal Ronald McDonald bent on a vengeful blood fest. The gaming giant sounds suspiciously like the very real, and very rich Electronic Arts Canada, which employs 1,800 people in Canada, most of them at EA's sprawling Burnaby campus. But, stresses Coupland, wisely fearing an immortal army of video game lawyers, "EA is never mentioned explicitly in the book."



THE *JPOD* WEBSITE mirrors the 'narcotic allure' useless information has for us




**COUPLAND SAYS GOOGLING WILL DEFINE THE DECADE. 'I NEVER LOOK MYSELF UP,' HE SAYS. 'IT'S THE SCARIEST THING IN THE UNIVERSE.'**

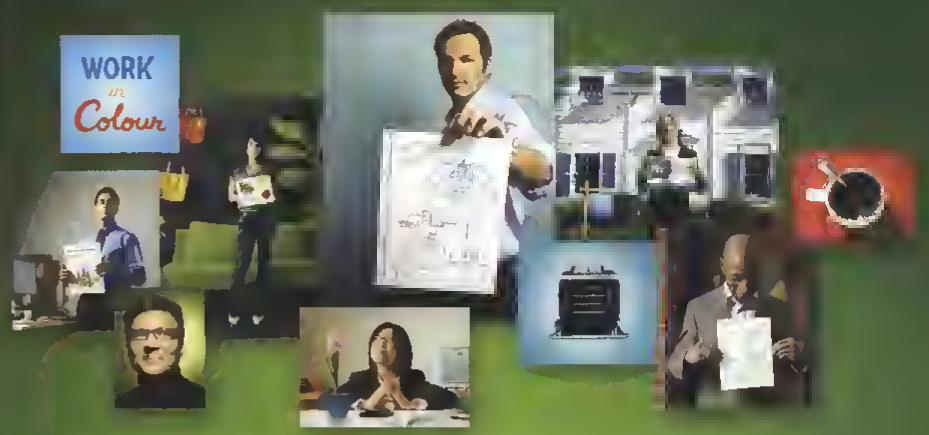
*JPod* is much anticipated by gamers. I get myself invited on a tour of EA's Burnaby site, on the strength of my holding an advance copy of the novel ("Whoa," was the capsule review of one EA staffer, "it's way out there.") So, too, is EA. It's a strange and wondrous place, with outdoor beach volleyball and basketball courts, an artificial turf soccer field, a gourmet cafeteria, and, yes, vast acreages of computer pods stuffed with frighteningly young people. I note two adjoining meeting rooms labelled "Ego" and "Alter-ego." Coupland would approve.

*JPod* reflects a world much changed since the early days of Microsoft. Now there is obsessive Googling, for instance, the use of the mega-search engine which Coupland predicts will define this decade. In *JPod* it's a cubicle escape hatch into the narcotic allure of useless information. "God must feel that way all the time," he writes of the all-knowing Google. "I think people in the year 2020 are going to be nostalgic for the sensation of feeling clueless." Meantime, gaming has grown from *Tetris* and *Klondike Solitaire*, the two vintage games Coupland favours. It's now a $30-billion-a-year global industry—ripe for satire.

Vancouver, rife with techies, moviemakers and artists, is a logical place to tell the tale. All Coupland had to do was sit with friends and acquaintances in the business and let them talk. The downside of reality, but the upside of fiction, is that the actual creation of games can be, he says, "surrealistically boring."

This ennui provides time and inclination for other Vancouver-centric plot elements. The father of Ethan Jarlewski—*JPod*'s hapless, Couplandesque narrator—is an aspiring actor, lusting for an elusive speaking role. His mother runs a thriving marijuana grow-op. The book barely clears the introduction before Mom electrocutes a biker with designs on her herbal revenue stream. Reality isn't much different. Weeks ago, a $1-million West Vancouver house blew up not far from Coupland's home and that of his nearby parents. "Grow






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op," Coupland explained to his real life mother. "She says, 'What do you mean?' So we get in the car and I go op, op, op. It was almost like playing spot the Volkswagen when you were a kid," he says. "Oh," his mother said, "that's why we don't get trick-or treaters anymore."

Two elements of the book are guaranteed to drive unsympathetic reviewers to distraction. One is Coupland's fixation with numbers. He lists, for instance, the first 500,000 digits of pi, into which he inserted one wrong number, should you care to find it. This runs from pages 383 to 430, of a 517 page book. (At the risk of spoiling the suspense, the 500,000th digit is 7. Unless, of course, that's the incorrect one. Oh, the fiend!) He also lists the 8,363 prime numbers between 10,000 and 100,000. This runs 18 pages and shows, if nothing else, that Random House is a very understanding publisher. The other plot line certain to draw cries of "hubris" is a conniving jerk of a character by the name of... Douglas Coupland.

That's right, the author wrote himself into the book, though hardly in a flattering light. "I looked into Coupland's cold eyes," says Ethan. "It was like looking into wells filled with drowned toddlers." JPoders take runs at Coupland's pretentious, time worn insights. A reference to *Generation X* becomes a conversation stopping faux pas. "Everyone looked awkward, as if Angela Lansbury's aging collie dog had noiselessly passed wind."

Coupland, the real Coupland, calls him "the anti-Doug." He's there in part because Coupland wrote *JPod* concurrently with *Terry*. Fox, he says, "used up all the better parts of my soul. There was all this evil left over, which I had to park somewhere." The anti-Doug is also his response to his love-hate relationship with Google, and his own Google-self.

Previous to the interview, I'd typed "Douglas Coupland" into Google. The search engine pulled up a staggering 1.2 million references. He shudders at what floats out there. "I never look myself up. It's just the scariest thing in the universe." My thoughts on Google offer him no comfort. Say in every interview you offer just one new truth or insight, I tell him. Imagine the cumulative impact in Googleville—over time you are stripped bare. Conversely, knowing his fixation with Lego, imagine the incautious researcher, I say. He builds a Coupland from all the info blocks out there: red blocks of truth, blue blocks of supposition and yellow blocks of lies. Like any Lego man, it looks only vaguely human.

He nods in agreement. "My Google existence is probably larger than a lot of people's," he says. "But in 10 years, we're all going to have this thing behind us: the agglomeration of half-truths, hearsay, bloggie uselessness, accuracy, inaccuracy, lies and, you know, vituperation. It's not you, and it is you. And it's going to live long after you do, and everyone is going to have to negotiate their relationship with it."



THE *VANCOUVER SCHOOL* installation involved art-school pals like Attila Lukacs

**'THERE WAS THIS WEIRD RUMOUR THAT I COLLECTED METEORITES,' HE SAYS. 'I GOT SO TIRED HEARING IT, NOW I COLLECT THEM.'**

There are stories out there, for instance, of Coupland living in a house with no furniture, while others have him rearranging his furniture every week. "The classic is that there was this weird rumour forever that I collected meteorites," he says. "I got so tired of hearing about it, but then I thought, like, wow, what a great thing to collect. So now I collect them."

Last year, after consistently guarding his private life and sexual orientation from interviewers, he came out as gay in a profile in *The Advocate*, a U.S.-based gay and lesbian newsmagazine. Why the change of heart, knowing as he did there was no stuffing that genie back in the bottle? "I don't know," he says, "it's just another part of my life, and, I mean, it just sort of defuses a situation that actually didn't need to be there in the first place." Glimpsing at yourself on Google, he says, knowledgeably for a guy who professes not to do so, is like viewing your obituary, as defined by others. "It makes me put more pressure on myself to, dammit, be more me. You're racing against yourself. It's a mess."

He suspects young Googlers have no expectation of privacy, having known nothing but the infinite well of the Internet. "I'll probably never get used to it," he says. "I just kind of unwittingly ended up in the frontal assault of that. I can't change it so I've just got to live with it. I don't even know," he says after a pause, "if I'm opaque or transparent."

I don't have the heart to tell him, but in the name of research, I've put a "Google Alert" on his name. This means Google emails me with any fresh reference to "Douglas Coupland" in print or broadcast outlets worldwide. It is, I admit, a creepy bit of Internet stalking. But, hey, it's the times we live in. Besides, the most recent email is a hoot.

It seems—as reported in the *Irish Independent*—that McDonald's in Britain is fighting back against "McJob," a term Coupland coined way back in *Generation X*. McJob now rates a definition in the Oxford English Dictionary as an "unstimulating low-paid job with few prospects." McDonald's, belatedly, is papering 1,200 British outlets with posters stressing its positive employment policies. The tag line is: "Not bad for a McJob." Imagine the response when the fast-food brain trust cracks a copy of *JPod* and discovers what Coupland has done to their signature clown. Perhaps another poster campaign is in order: "Ronald McDonald: not bad for a psycho."

Which kind of brings one back to the teacher and her vexing questions about what is art in Coupland's world, and what is merely weird. Maybe it's as simple as this: a clever phrase, a telling image, a lowly wad of gum, art is what sticks. M

*ken.macqueen@macleans.rogers.com*
*For more Douglas Coupland, listen to a podcast at www.macleans.ca/jpod*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTIN TESSLER



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ROGERS Your World Right Now




IN A FAST-EVOLVING world, we seek confirmation changes are working out. Tim Hortons provides community, abortion has benefits

# Shall we gather at the crullers?

## The idea Canadians have replaced doxology with doughnuts is less Timmy than tinny

BY MARK STETN

The other week, the *Toronto Star* assigned Kenneth Kidd to do a big story on Tim Hortons as an icon of Canadian identity. This was a couple of days before that odd incident with the fellow going into the men's room and blowing himself into a big bunch of Timbits, so nothing tricky was required, just the usual maple boosterism. And naturally the first thing Kidd did was call up the Canadian media's Mister Rent-A-Quote, Michael Adams, the author of *Fire And Ice* and *American Backlash*, and a man who can be relied upon to provide some sociological context to the lamest premise.

Mr. Adams evidently thought about the old doughnut-chain thing for a nanosecond and then slotted it effortlessly into his grand universal theory about the difference in American and Canadian "values." Canadians are communal and gregarious, while Americans are paranoid and cowering in terror behind the gates of their stockades. "Americans aspire to independence," he told the *Star*'s man. "Their model is to drive out of town, Gary Cooper with Grace Kelly, and get on their ranch and she's in the kitchen and having babies and he's standing at the ranch gate with a gun, saying, 'no trespassing.'"

Really? Is that in the director's cut? No matter. This turned out to be just the sort of thing Kenneth Kidd needed for the piece and he ran with it. "Canadians, by contrast, are far less fearful," he decides. "Americans now increasingly use churches as their replacement for a sense of community lost to long working hours and lengthy commutes."

I don't know if, in the course of their research, Messrs. Kidd and Adams ever visited any "communities"—in, say, New England, or old England, or Belgium, or Slovenia, or even Canada. But, if they did, they might have noticed that you drive through the outskirts of the "community," past the various "dwelling units," and arrive at the centre of the "community"—often called a "village green" or a "town square"—and smack dab at the centre of the centre you'll see a big building with a cross on it, and perhaps a sign saying "St. George's Parish Church. Consecrated 1352." Nonetheless, undaunted, two grown men are willing to argue in the *Toronto Star* that Americans have to make do with going to church because they've lost all sense of community.

But not in Canada. "We don't go to church as much on Sundays," says Adams. "We go shopping and we go to Tim's." Gotcha. Americans are forced to worship Christ, whereas Canadians are free to worship crullers.

"Timbit Nation," as the *Toronto Star* headlined it, belongs to a thriving genre of journalism: the feel-good story that's somehow very demoralizing. It's less Timmy than tinny—hollow and rather sad. I yield to no one in my admiration for a glazed maple cream doughnut, but I'm not sure I'd regard it as sufficient replacement for the entire Judeo-Christian inheritance. And with the best will in the world, standing in line at a Tim's one Sunday morning a couple of months back, I couldn't detect any great sense of community: as slow moving doughnut lines go, it was not unpleasant, but nor was it an exercise in national affirmation. As a viable thesis, that and a buck'll get you a cup of coffee.

But in a fast-changing world we can all use confirmation that the changes are working out—especially when, as in the preference for doughnuts over doxology, they involve the rejection of age-old certainties. *Freakonomics*, by Steven Levitt and Stephen Dubner, is an apparently permanent presence on the *Maclean's* bestseller list mainly because of one central proposition: according to the authors, the legalization of abortion in the seventies accounted for up to half of the reduction in U.S. crime in the nineties. If you accept one of the central locutions of the abortion lobby—that every child should be "wanted"—this feels true: to quote the bumper sticker the columnist Nicholas von Hoffman liked to drive around with a few years back, "The fetus you save will grow up to mug you!"

And that's correct in a very basic way: almost all crime is committed by young men. If you were to abort all babies, there would be no one to hold up the convenience store in 20 years' time. On the other hand, there would also be no one to man the convenience store. The devil is in the details of trying to find the balance between those two points.

The *Freakonomics* theory rang false to me. For one thing, the abortion era has seen a huge rise in crime in Britain, Scandinavia and most other Western jurisdictions. If termination of the "unwanted" pre-emptively clears the punks and hoods from our streets, why wouldn't London and Stockholm and, indeed, Toronto have also seen an abortion dividend?

The pro-abortion U.S. media were notably reluctant to question Levitt and Dubner's findings. A "woman's right to choose" is not as popular as once it was, and the abortion crowd seemed happy to take "society's right to choose" as a viable fallback option, notwithstanding the whiff of old-time eugenics about the argument. But in his splendidly lucid new book *The Party Of Death*, Ramesh Ponnuru conclusively demolishes the *Freakonomics* case. While its key evidence turns out to be based on a programming error, its plausibility in the marketplace derives from a more casual assumption—that the 45 million unborn children aborted since 1973 would, absent *Roe vs. Wade*, all have been born. In fact, the legalization of abortion caused the number of conceptions to go up by 30 per cent, while causing the number of births to go down by only six per cent. "Many of the unborn children who have been aborted since Roe," Ponnuru points out, "would never have been conceived in the first place without it." And, given that it also largely ended the assumption of male responsibility for the carelessly conceived, as Ponnuru writes, "Abortion may not lead to fewer unwanted children, it may lead to the birth of *more* children who aren't wanted by their fathers."

*The Party Of Death* is a very tightly argued case: by halfway through, Ponnuru had made me realize he was pro-life for much better reasons than I am. Yet the book isn't about abortion per se, so much as "the politics of personhood." One consequence of abortion is that, in designating new life a matter of "choice," it made it easier to make judgments about which lives are worth it and which aren't. Down's syndrome? Abort. Cleft palate? Abort. Chinese girl? Abort. But it's foolish to think you can raise entire populations—not to mention generations of doctors—to make self-interested judgments about who lives and who doesn't and expect them to remain confined to three trimesters. The "right to choose" is now being extended beyond the womb: the step from convenience conception to convenience euthanasia is a short one, and the step from convenience euthanasia to compulsory euthanasia shorter still.

Commentators like Andrew Sullivan have attacked Ponnuru, somewhat hysterically, not for his book's argument but for its title. In fact, the author got it from Ronald Dworkin, a liberal legal theorist, pro-abortion and pro-euthanasia, but nevertheless intellectually honest enough to admit that these are "choices for death." They lead not just to literal death but to a societal and spiritual death, too. In *The Cube and the Cathedral*, George Weigel begins his lively dissection of "politics without God" with a bracing series of questions, including the following:

"Why do certain parts of Europe exhibit a curious, even bizarre, approach to death? Why did so many of the French prefer to continue their summer vacations during the European heat wave of 2003, leaving their parents unburied and warehoused in refrigerated lockers (which were soon overflowing)? Why is death increasingly anonymous in Germany, with no death notice in the newspapers, no church funeral ceremony, no secular memorial service—'as though,' Richard John Neuhaus observed, 'the deceased did not exist'?"

You really need a Euro-Michael Adams to answer those questions—to point out that Americans' collapsing communities are driving them to flock to grim rain-swept cemeteries and huddle round burial plots of friends and family in the forlorn hope of recovering the lost sense of society obliterated by their paranoid Second Amendment fearfulness, while the Frenchman by contrast affirms his belief both in personal interconnectedness and collective responsibility by spending the weekend with his wife's sister at a nude beach on the Côte d'Azur, secure in the knowledge that his dead mother on ice in the meat locker back in town is the state's problem, not his.

I seem to have wandered a long way from the Timbit Nation, but not really: as the pieties of late 20th-century progressivism crumble like a stale cruller, their defenders take refuge in self-deception, trumpeting defects as virtues, to the point where a man eradling his coffee alone in a doughnut shop on a Sunday morning is a stronger affirmation of community than a packed church. Oh well. If there's an emptiness at the heart of the advanced social-democratic state, at least Canada's worshipping the doughnut, Europe's worshipping the hole. M

GETTY IMAGES

MACLEAN'S

## BESTSELLERS

COMPILED BY BRIAN BETHUNE

### Fiction

| | | LAST WEEK (WEEKS ON LIST) |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | BLUE SHOES AND HAPPINESS by Alexander McCall Smith | (1) |
| 2. | SUITE FRANÇAISE by Irène Némirovsky | 1 (3) |
| 3 | THE BIRTH HOUSE by Ami McKay | 4 (7) |
| 4 | THE SECRET SUPPER by Javier Sierra | 3 (2) |
| 5 | IN THE COMPANY OF THE COURTESAN by Sarah Dunant | 7 (4) |
| 6 | THE REBELS OF IRELAND by Edward Rutherfurd | 8 (8) |
| 7 | THE BROOKLYN FOLLIES by Paul Auster | 9 (12) |
| 8 | THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY by Donna Leon | (1) |
| 9 | STORY HOUSE by Timothy Taylor | 2 (3) |
| 10 | CERTAINTY by Madeleine Thien | (1) |

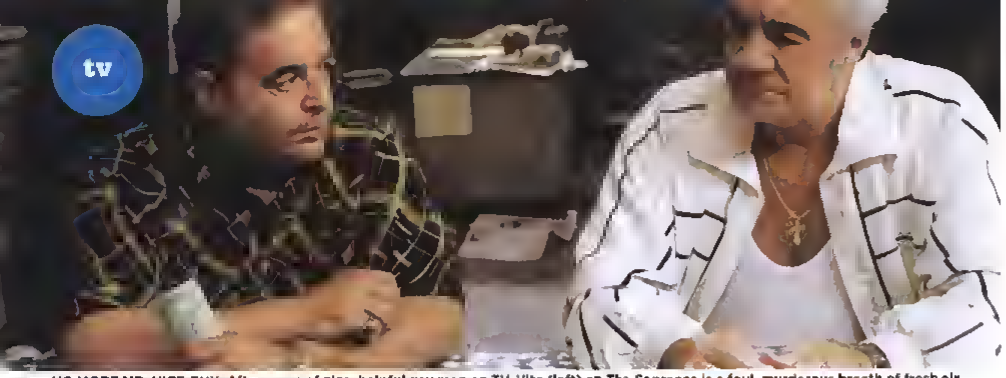
### Non-fiction

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY by David Suzuki | 4 (4) |
| 2. | THE WEATHER MAKERS by Tim Flannery | 1 (8) |
| 3 | THE JESUS PAPERS by Michael Baigent | 6 (4) |
| 4 | FREAKONOMICS by Steven D. Levitt and Stephen J. Dubner | 3 (43) |
| 5 | MARLEY & ME by John Grogan | 2 (12) |
| 6 | CHILD'S PLAY by Silken Laumann | (1) |
| 7 | SIX WORDS YOU NEVER KNEW HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH PIGS by Katherine Barber | 5 (9) |
| 8 | THE GREAT TRANSFORMATION by Karen Armstrong | 9 (5) |
| 9 | SORRY, I DON'T SPEAK FRENCH by Graham Fraser | 7 (4) |
| 10 | AMERICA AT THE CROSSROADS by Francis Fukuyama | (1) |



**FINALLY A BOOK ABOUT... FATS DOMINO**

It took last August's hurricane Katrina to remind most fans that one of rock music's pioneers—the single most important one, according to Rick Coleman's *Blue Monday: Fats Domino and the Lost Dawn of Rock 'N' Roll* (Perseus)—was still alive. But 50 years before Domino was rescued from his flooded New Orleans home, he recorded 80 hits, including *Ain't That a Shame* (the first song John Lennon ever learned), and paved the way for Elvis Presley.



NO MORE MR. NICE GUY. After years of nice, helpful gay men on TV, Vito (left) on *The Sopranos* is a foul, murderous breath of fresh air

# Here, queer and the worst cad ever

## Gay-rights groups are heralding the arrival of a new era of homosexual bad guys

BY SHANDA DEZIEL • *The Sopranos* social club will never be the same. As soon as Tony Soprano found out that one of his guys, Vito Spatafore, was gay, the Freudian slips started to fly. He called Vito his best earner, "a come-from-behind kinda guy." Rather than discuss Vito on the street, Tony says, "Let's take this in the back." And when explaining the situation to his therapist, he says, "The guys that are working for me are asking for head—his head." It may prove difficult for Tony's gang to come to terms with a "fanook" mobster, but it's exactly what TV needs. After more than a decade of gay characters who are unthreatening, unassuming, thin, stylish, sensitive—utterly sanitized—Vito is a fat, foul, underhanded, murdering, leather chaps-wearing breath of fresh air.

One of the first openly gay lead characters on prime time was Matt on *Melrose Place*—or DoorMatt, as he came to be known. He was the buddy on a sex-crazed soap opera who got no action whatsoever. Then came the ever likeable Ellen DeGeneres, the stylish and sassy guys of *Will & Grace*, and the queeny but helpful designers of *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*, paving the way to today's gay-positive entertainment utopia, where a movie about two sheepherders in love almost wins a best picture Oscar. Now it falls to the likes of Vito and the debased Andrew on *Desperate Housewives* to tear down the feel-good stereotypes of homosexuals on the tube.

Fourteen years after protesting *Basic Instinct* for its depiction of a homicidal bisexual, the Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation is heralding this era of the gay bad guy. "The character of Vito proves to people what we've known for years," says Damon Romine, a spokesperson for GLAAD. "Gay people are everywhere—doctors, teachers and even mobsters." Vito didn't become an extortionist/killer because he's gay, and Andrew on *Desperate Housewives* would be a scheming manslaughterer regardless of his persuasion. Over on *The Wire* there's Omar, a ruthless stickup artist and a tender lover who's so shattered by his boyfriend's murder he joins forces with the police for a while. The fact that these men are gay helps humanize them. That's quite a shift from the gay characters who had to overcompensate with niceness to come across as sympathetic.

It was around the time of *Six Feet Under* that things started to change. Keith Charles advanced the tough gay guy agenda as a violence-prone cop who wasn't all that sensitive at home either. The show's fairly mainstream audience was presented with very real, ground-breaking gay sex scenes, the likes of which hadn't been seen outside gay-focused shows like *Queer as Folk*. These days, subplots on *Desperate Housewives* and *Prison Break*—which aren't out to tackle gay themes—allude to gay sex. (T-Bag, the sexually predatory character on *Prison Break*, wasn't gay in the outside world; for him the sex has everything to do with immediate need and power, and nothing to do with orientation, a reality hinted at on *The Sopranos* when Tony shrugs that guys who partake while incarcerated get "a pass.") Whether Vito will get a lifetime pass is yet to be seen. The actor who plays him, Joe Gannascoli, says he's had flak from a few "morons" back home in Brooklyn who still don't get it. And he says some of his cast mates wouldn't have taken on that kind of role (although James Gandolfini played a gay mobster on film, in *The Mexican*). Gannascoli, who's straight, actually suggested to the writers they make Vito homosexual. He gave them a book about an out gay mobster whose specialty is chopping up body parts. "I figured they'd do that one scene where I'm piping the security guard and that would have been it," says Gannascoli about a scene from last season in which Vito was caught performing oral sex on a man. "But they made it a main storyline this year and I'm grateful for it."

So are audiences, who are treated to thought-provoking scenes as the Mafiosos argue over whether to whack Vito—and end up facing their own prejudices and hypocrisies. "Almost every gay stereotype and slur was uttered by Tony's crew, who use masculinity and honour and religion within the Mafia to justify their hate," says Romine. "But you also got a glimpse into the evolution of acceptance. Tony told his therapist, 'I don't know what to do.' And she asked him, 'Why do you have to do anything?' He realized that Vito is just another human being wanting to live his life. What *The Sopranos* has done in its own unconventional way is tackle homophobia." And only in that way is Vito a helper. M



**BILL AND HILLARY. ACCORDING TO TV**

"Senator Hillary Clinton said she is in favour of building a wall between Mexico and the United States. After hearing this, former president Clinton said, 'She means a metaphorical wall of silence and resentment. Trust me.'"—Conan O'Brien

"New portraits were unveiled of former president Clinton and Hillary Clinton. The Smithsonian said that the portraits will not hang in the same room. Boy, talk about art reflecting life."—Jay Leno

EVERETT COLLECTION







DANIEL CRAIG plays an inexperienced James Bond in the movie *Casino Royale*, out in November. The model is *Batman Begins*

# Everything old is young again

## How do you sell a movie franchise that is getting a bit tired? You make a prequel.

BY JAIME J. WEINMAN • When the next James Bond movie is released this November, how can the producers make people care? By now, everyone in the world knows what happens in a Bond film, how it ends, even what the supporting characters will be like (the evil woman who gets killed, the good woman Bond kisses at the end). So how do you market the latest film in a franchise? The answer is to pitch it as if it's something brand new. *Casino Royale*, based on the very first James Bond novel, will be a prequel to the entire series, with Daniel Craig as a young, inexperienced Bond. *Crash* writer-director Paul Haggis, who is working on the script, told the *Hollywood Reporter*: "We're trying to reinvent Bond. He's 28, no Q, no gadgets." The idea of a new, different Bond has already sparked outrage from Bond fans online, who set up the site *craignotbond.com* to organize a boycott of the new movie. But while fans may be outraged, at least they're not indifferent.

Prequels to popular movies are usually made either because the creator wants to introduce an entirely new set of characters (the second *Star Wars* trilogy) or because everybody died at the end of the first film (the only possible explanation for *Butch and Sundance: The Early Days*). And until recently, long-running movie series tried to keep to the same style and tone with every entry. When a series tried something different, it was punished at the box office: the Bond movie *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* introduced a more serious tone and a younger Bond (George Lazenby), and was rewarded with disappointing profits.

But the whole Bond series has recently run into box-office trouble by doing the same things over and over, and the producers are betting that audiences want to see Bond without the slightly smug confidence that he'll survive everything that happens to him. The director of *Casino Royale*, Martin Campbell, told *IGN.com* that Craig's Bond will even take a stab at something Bond movies aren't known for—character development: "He's just got his 007 stripes when he gets into the story so he's got some rough edges on him to begin with and hopefully, by the end of it, he'll become the 007 we all know and love."

What if you want to see still more prequels? Well, Paramount has announced plans for a *Star Trek* prequel, and, according to *Variety*, it will feature new actors taking over as James T. Kirk and Mr. Spock. The film's producer, J.J. Abrams (*Lost*), has not confirmed this, but told *Empire.com*: "Those characters are so spectacular. I just think that ... you know, they could live again." *Eonline.com* reported that online fan reaction was "positive, if the poster was a fan of Abrams, and negative, if the poster wasn't a fan of prequels." But after the failure of recent *Trek* projects—like the TV show *Enterprise*—Paramount has decided to try and recapture what audiences liked about the franchise to begin with.

The clear model for a lot of these projects is 2005's *Batman Begins*. The Batman movie franchise was moribund after the disaster of *Batman & Robin*—a movie that rehashed everything the previous Batman movies had done, except bigger, louder and dumber. The franchise was revived with a "reboot"—a movie that retold the story of Batman from the beginning, with a cast, tone and visual approach that were consciously different from the earlier films. It turned out to be a good creative decision and a good marketing decision. Critics hailed the new movie as the best one yet. And as far as marketing went, the back-to-the-beginning ploy allowed the studio to promote the umpteenth Batman movie as though it were something different and fresh.

Even franchises that aren't doing prequels are at least trying to find some way to make a fresh start. *Superman Returns*, to be released this June, has Superman coming back to earth after an absence of several years (he discovers Lois Lane is a single mom). Whether these movies focus on a character's future or his past, they are all trying to give audiences long familiar with the characters a reason to believe they're going to see something new.

There's a problem, though: sometimes the new gimmicks can overwhelm the familiar old characters. A writer for *aintitcool.com*, reviewing the *Casino Royale* script, wrote: "It successfully molds Bond into a new character, a new type of man—into someone I really liked. Although I'm not sure this man should be called 'James Bond.' " That's the challenge for any producer trying to reboot a franchise: sometimes when you reboot, you can lose the good things you've saved. M




EVERETT COLLECTION

**ON THE WEB THE DOT EATERS**

Long before Halo and the other dazzling video games of today, there was a lowly blip of a game called Pong, and *www.thedoteaters.com*, an online history of these early games, details the tinkering that led to Pong and Pac-Man, the first generations of commercial video games. One of the first inventors was a physicist who in 1958 remedied boring tours of his lab with a game played on an oscilloscope, naming it Tennis for Two. No reports of kids being corrupted.


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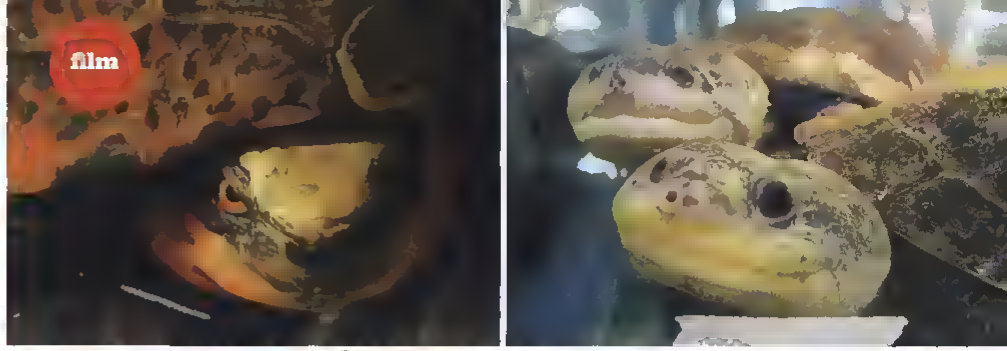
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Richard Ogust rescued one turtle from a Chinese restaurant, and ended up living with 1,200 critters in a loft—until he had to move

# And now...March of the Turtles

## A New Yorker builds an ark, in Tupperware, on a wave of Hot Docs sounding global alarm

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

The story had been "covered"—devoured by the media. In 2003, crews from the major TV networks, and reporters from around the world, converged on Richard Ogust's Manhattan loft to tell the weird tale of a modern Noah sharing his home with 1,200 endangered turtles and tortoises. Then came Eric Metzgar, a filmmaker from Brooklyn, who decided Ogust's ark was worth more than a blitz of sound bites. After two years of shooting, Metzgar had more story than he'd bargained for. Ogust's rescue mission, to create an "insurance colony" of endangered turtles, itself became endangered when the building's other residents forced him to move. And the film turned into the astonishing odyssey of a homeless conservationist carting truckloads of turtles from one shelter to another in the hope of finding them a permanent home.

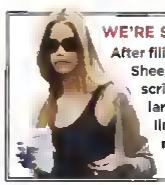
Metzgar's movie is one of 100 entries showing in Toronto at Hot Docs (April 28-May 7), North America's most important documentary film festival. And its title, *The Chances of Changing the World*, could sum up this year's program. It abounds with pictures of environmental havoc and human atrocity—from *Oil Crash*, a doomsday scenario of what will happen when the oil runs out, to *Uganda Rising*, a horrific portrait of child soldiers in Uganda. There's nothing new about docs sounding planetary alarm or advocating social change. But, empowered by digital technology, they're employing a cinematic flourish and narrative depth that make the word "documentary" seem archaic.

Docs now play like dramas, with clear commercial genres. There's the protest movie, which was patented by Michael Moore. There's the contest movie—in Hot Docs, you can cheer on a soccer team of Guatemalan hookers (*The Railroad All Stars*) or a tournament of crossword puzzle freaks (*Word Play*). Then there's the animal genre, which brought us *Winged Migration* and *March of the Penguins*. But a curious sub-genre has emerged—portraits of fanatic animal lovers, from the homeless birdman in *The Wild Parrots of Telegraph Hill* to the crazed bear watcher in *Grizzly Man*, who comes so close to his subject that he gets eaten alive.

*The Chances of Changing the World* is the Zen antithesis of *Grizzly Man*, as different in tone as turtles are from bears. Ogust, 52, started his collection by saving a diamondback terrapin from execution in a Chinese restaurant. He went on to rescue animals from Asian markets, and after a decade he'd amassed one of the world's most significant collections of endangered turtles and tortoises. It takes 30 truckloads to move them from his loft to a New Jersey warehouse. Ogust's goal is to create one big turtle preserve, but as he runs out of money, and gets mired in a dispute with state officials, his project begins to unravel, along with his life. He's reduced to living in a tent outside his warehouse, a lone man trying to save his world on a cellphone. Then, forced out of the warehouse, he embarks on a trip that has him unloading turtles into a motel room and pushing a stuck U-Haul through the snow.

With monk-like patience and compassion, Ogust is the first to appreciate the absurd pathos of his Sisyphean quest. And you can't help thinking that he *looks* like a turtle as he lugs around his Tupperware bins, carrying an endangered piece of the planet on his back. In one scene, Ogust tears down his tent and drags it through a cornfield, as if hauling the empty shell of his own life. This is cinema verité on every scale, an epic nestled in the eternal moment. It's slow and long, but that's the point. With poetic, luminous images, *Chances* is not just about turtles. (They're confined to brief, breathtaking cameos.) It's a meditation on time, mortality and housing—the plastic and concrete world where these creatures sit in limbo.

Although Metzgar becomes intimate with his subject, he portrays him, and the issue of extinction, without sentiment, judgment or factual clutter. Viewers are left to draw their own conclusions. But Metzgar is dismayed to hear that some view Ogust's obsession as folly, or that he's a madman, akin to a Werner Herzog hero from *Grizzly Man* or *Burden of Dreams*. "Some might roll their eyes," he told *Maclean's*. "But it's a holocaust situation and Richard is saving lives. Being in the room with all those turtles. The noises and the breathing and the claws on the plastic. It's so powerful. Then to go out into New York City past a window with $800 dresses and people covered in makeup with their little ditzy fake dogs—*that's* crazy to me." M



**WE'RE STALKING... DENISE RICHARDS**

After filing court documents against her soon-to-be ex-husband Charlie Sheen—in which she accuses him of threatening her, abusing prescription medication, gambling away hundreds of thousands of dollars at a time, frequenting prostitutes and looking at disturbing online porn—the 35-year-old actress was reportedly seen kissing rocker Richie Sambora, recently estranged from actress Heather Locklear, his wife of 11 years, and one of Richards' best friends.



FUN-DERWEAR: Ginch Gonch, a B.C. underwear company, is inspiring the big brands to add a little oomph to their men's briefs

# Manties: they're panties–for men

## The Y-front–that last bastion of old-guard masculinity–is undergoing a transformation

BY LIANNE GEORGE • Almost from the moment he was invented in 2003, the metrosexual—with his hair balm, fancy wrinkle cream and extensive knowledge of mid-century-modern design—has sent chills through the hearts of men. Nobody wants to be him, or even admit to knowing him. And yet, mysteriously, his influence is everywhere, driving the sales of body sprays, man purses, and Old World wines. Most recently, the metrosexual has inspired a new product category in men's apparel that, if successful, will entrench him, undeniably, among our most powerful consumer forces: introducing manties—panties, for men.

For years, men's cotton briefs remained, in retail terms, the last bastion of old-fashioned, unadulterated masculinity, one of the very few products not yet overhauled to appeal to young, urban, image conscious males. But trend forecasters are now convinced that men are no longer satisfied with their underwear options. Boxers are too bulky, and not conducive to showing off hard-earned gym bodies. And briefs are boring. (What's with all the neutrals?) Men want shopping for underwear to be fun, marketers say, the way it is for women. They want a La Senza-style assortment of colours and patterns laid out for their perusal like ice cream flavours. "I think guys are seeing underwear less as just functional and more as a part of their outfit," says Chord Bezerra, buyer for the U.S. men's boutique chain Universal Gear. "They're seeing it as an expression of their personality."

In the past six months to a year, it has become quite common to see bright yellow, camouflage, or Hawaiian print briefs alongside tighte-whities in department store aisles. But at the forefront of the manty experiment is a Vancouver-based company called Ginch Gonch, which produces a range of brightly coloured, cartoonish underwear perhaps best described as Underoos for grown-ups. Founded in late 2004 by 32-year-old Jason Sutherland, a former film production designer, Ginch Gonch is sold in fashionable boutiques across Canada, the U.S. and Europe. Its designs—everything from fire trucks and soccer balls to bright punk stars splashed across Y fronts--feature pun laden, sexually suggestive names. The "Big Bang" print, for instance, consists of one enormous, strategically placed star. "We're not making lingerie for men," says Jolene Fehler, Ginch Gonch's director of public and privates (get it?). "They're not silk panties. We started it as a way to combat boring black and white underwear. For example, we have one with happy chickens on them called Jolly Cocks. People love them. It gets them laughing."

Not surprisingly, the company initially targeted gay men. "Especially our stuff which is a little bit cheekier," says Fehler. "They responded really well." But Ginch Gonch soon found that women loved them too, and were buying them for their boyfriends and husbands—who got hooked. In fact, says Sutherland, it was straight guys who bought up Ginch Gonch's first batch of wiener briefs—a sky-blue print dotted with little hot dogs—in two weeks. "I was like, 'How did this happen?' " he says. "Everyone said to me, 'It's too gay.' But the straight guys loved it." In January, Tori Spelling and her Canadian fiancé, actor Dean McDermott, bought some at the Kitson Boutique in Los Angeles, landing the wiener brief a fawning plug on *Entertainment Tonight*. (Ginch Gonch is currently in talks with Spelling and McDermott about teaming up more formally.)

"Our next few collections are geared at a much broader spectrum," says Fehler. "We do briefs, boxer briefs and low-rise, and they're each targeting a different audience." Generally, their straight clientele tends to go with the boxer briefs, she says, while their gay customers tend to prefer low-rise (to wear under low-rise denim, of course). "Then there's the briefs," she says. "Everybody wears a brief."

The success of Ginch Gonch and other manty designers in Europe and the U.S. has inspired some of the bigger players—including Gap, Calvin Klein and Diesel—to expand their men's underwear offerings. Still, few are pushing it as far as Ginch Gonch. The company's website is playfully homoerotic (hairless male models giving each other wedgies), and they concede not everyone is ready for their designs. "It takes a confident person to wear our underwear," says Fehler. "Especially as a straight guy to walk into a hockey locker room with a pair of Jolly Cocks on. There could be some awkward conversations. To us, it becomes a challenge." M

**WHAT THEY GOT FOR IT — AN ASSASSIN'S BATHTUB**



The online casino *Goldenpalace.com*, known for its eccentric habit of buying weird collectibles such as William Shatner's kidney stone, last week bought the bathtub in which James Earl Ray stood when he shot Martin Luther King, Jr. The tub, owned by a Memphis judge, attracted bids as high as US$152,000 in a 2004 auction, but eBay cancelled the sale on grounds of bad taste. It later recanted, but this year's auction only attracted US$7,600.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHERINE DEAN





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IF YOU HAVE A DENTAL PHOBIA you should work up to a tooth extraction slowly. First step: practise holding a dental instrument

# Here's the drill for fear of dentists

## Dr. Martin Antony has advice for people afraid of blood, needles and medical types

BY JULIA MCKINNELL • Warning: this article may trigger feelings of extreme queasiness. If you're prone to fainting, better sit down. In his new book, *Overcoming Medical Phobias*, Dr. Martin Antony writes that even seeing the words "blood" and "needle" can incite fear in some people, not to mention fainting. Antony is director of the Anxiety Treatment and Research Centre in Hamilton, Ont., which treats 700 people a year for phobias caused by spiders, snakes, cats, dogs, heights, clowns, flowers and storms. Among the encyclopedic catalogue of phobias, however, only three are associated with fainting: blood, injection and injury phobias. "More than two-thirds of people with a blood phobia and about half of people with a needle phobia report a history of fainting," advises Antony's website. "The fainting response is related to an extreme drop in blood pressure."

An estimated 11 per cent of the population suffers from debilitating phobias triggered by blood, needles, doctors and dentists. Phobias may be genetic or learned: something as innocent as "being told by a nurse to look away" could contribute to a fear of needles, Antony says. The good news is, these phobias are highly curable through exposure therapy. You can practise at home. Antony suggests starting with a list of feared situations. A person with a needle phobia, for instance, might fear rubbing alcohol or watching a news story about vaccinations. A person with a fear of doctors might be afraid of eating in a hospital cafeteria. Make a list, says Antony, in increasing order of difficulty. Getting a flu shot, for example, would be more difficult than watching *ER*. This technique is known as "hierarchy exposure," and the principle is based on taking "little steps" toward overcoming fear. "You wouldn't suggest that a person who wants to run a marathon do a full marathon on his or her first-ever run," he writes.

Likewise, Antony doesn't suggest that patients with a fear of dentists immediately book a tooth extraction. Instead, exposure therapy might start with something as simple as holding a dental instrument. Once comfortable with this, the person could practise sitting in the waiting room, then move up to watching a friend's appointment. A hierarchy list slowly exposes more and more fearful situations until eventually the person reaches "Fear rating 100: a needle and drilling."

For any medical phobia, let your doctor know you're working at overcoming fear, says Antony. At home, try renting movies with medical themes, such as *Flatliners* and *Patch Adams*, or watch taped episodes of *ER*. Searching Google with keywords such as "doctor," "surgery" and "operation" will produce images that could be "good items to have a look at." For further at-home therapy, Antony suggests a trip to the drugstore or medical supply store to purchase stethoscopes, tongue depressors, reflex hammers and other accoutrements. "Most cities have a medical uniform supply store that sells hospital scrubs, lab coats, and nurses' uniforms."

People with a fear of dentists are often afraid of sounds heard in dental offices. Antony advises dental sounds can be downloaded for free at *monkeyfilter.com/link.php/3479*. For blood phobias, go to *images.google.com* and key in "blood," "knife wound" and "cut." Some of these images, Antony notes, "may be quite distressing to start with, so you may want your helper to screen them ahead of time."

To recreate "blood-related settings," Antony recommends exposure to real blood: "Buy a steak and drain off the blood or prick your finger with a lancet." Halloween stores sell theatrical blood; Antony suggests filling a syringe with it "to carry around with you."

Or make your own. A recipe for "very real-looking fake blood" can be found at *www.shades of night.com/pamneck/blood.html*

1 tablespoon cocoa powder
½ cup water
3 or 4 tablespoons corn syrup
½ to 1 teaspoon red food colouring
2 drops yellow or green food colouring (optional)

"It splatters like real blood, and when it dries, it even looks like real dried blood."

Even after overcoming fear, writes Antony, it's important to continue exposure to the feared object. "Hang on to some of the items you used: needles, syringes, alcohol swabs. Carry a feared object in your purse or keep one in your drawer at work," he says. "Ongoing exposure should help you maintain the gains you made earlier." M



MOST IMPROVED **THE RAVEONETTES**

The band lost all their equipment when their van was stolen last year. It was so discouraging that members debated whether to keep playing. They posted their unhappy experience on *myspace.com*, asking to borrow a guitar. They were inundated not only with guitars, but all kinds of instruments and equipment. Now the band is working on a new album with new musical experiments, all thanks to the kindness of strangers

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# This week in the land of lazy


SCOTT FESCHUK

Obese men! Corpulent children! A reference to actor Ted McGinley for some reason! All this and more awaits in the latest illuminating installment of... This Week in Sedentary Living!

*This just in:* A new study has found that while a vast majority of Americans believe that most people in the United States are fat, only 40 per cent think that they themselves are overweight. This finding highlights a growing challenge for health professionals—how to encourage weight loss and a healthier lifestyle among those who either fail to see or refuse to accept their general all-round immensity.

It has often been said by scientists and doctors and anyone who sees me in my Klingon uniform that recognizing you have a problem is the first step toward solving it. It is in that spirit—the spirit of making me feel better about myself by selflessly helping others recognize their failings—that this column presents a helpful checklist of 10 foolproof ways to tell for absolute certain that you are fat.

1. Your knees keep crying.

2. When you return to the beach after a refreshing swim in the ocean, concerned citizens push you back out toward open water.

3. People from the TV news keep filming footage of you from the neck down.

4. You look at your driver's licence and the name says Star Jones.

5. An analysis of your DNA reveals that you share 96 per cent of your genetic makeup with an Oreo.

6. When you go to the park, Frisbees and baseballs keep getting caught in your gravitational field.

7. You make that snowsuit sound when you walk—only you're not wearing a snowsuit... or any other clothes.

8. A team of Sherpas is in the third day of a death-defying ascent of your torso.

9. Your friends start calling you Slim—and then explain over and over they mean it in a totally ironic way, like that time everyone in college called the loser virgin guy Studly.

10. Young children tend to mistake you for Santa Claus or Greenland.

*Item:* An American non-profit organization claims success in convincing millions of children and families in a dozen countries to go cold turkey from the tube during its annual TV Turnoff Week.

According to estimates from the TV Turnoff Network, upwards of eight million people reportedly went all of last week without watching any television. To pass the time, they instead sat in quiet self-satisfaction and listened intently for the sound of their brains getting smarter.

TV Turnoff Week was created to encourage families to break the television habit and do fun and exciting things together, such as waiting for the week to end. Other popular pastimes reportedly include debating Whose Stupid Idea Was This? and worrying that, because you're not watching her, Oprah might cease to exist.

At our house, my wife and our two boys turned off the television and spent evenings engaged in traditional family activities. One night, we sat around the table with a pile of magazines and cut out letters that we glued to a piece of paper. We called it "craft night"—although the authorities say that, technically speaking, the note we sent to the TV Turnoff people was—oh, how did the prosecutor put it?—"threatening." Also, "profanity laced."

Don't get me wrong: there are good reasons to turn off the television—reading, exercising, *Joey*. But there's something deeply patronizing about those who tout the life-enhancing benefits of their modern-day medicine show: stop watching TV and you'll lose weight, get smarter, become more sophisticated, write a bestselling novel and succeed in coaxing tiny birds to descend and delicately perch themselves upon your finger. Also, you'll become the Best Parent Ever. Even if your kids wind up spending most of the week on the Internet. *Cuz computers is fer learnin', Ma!*

*Item:* Researchers estimate that by the age of 65, the typical North American male will have spent nine years of his life watching television. Here's how that time is divvied up:

**3.1 years:** Dubious sitcoms featuring Ted McGinley.

**2 years:** Sports like football, hockey and golf.

**1.7 years:** "Sports" like poker, curling and that one where stout men from Finland pull buses with their teeth.

**1.3 years:** Really hoping that actress takes off her shirt.

**1 year:** CSI: Whatever.

**3 months:** Unconvincing late-night softcore porn.

**4 minutes:** Some PBS documentary about snails (flipped to once in desperation when wife came downstairs during unconvincing late-night softcore porn). M

*Scott Feschuk can be reached at* sfeschuk@sympatico.ca




## A dishtowel necktie, Peter Carey, Swedish rock and a 9/11 movie in our compendium of things that make life worth living

### WHEELCHAIR BOUNDLESS

Almost nothing can stop the owner of the Tank Chair—not snow, mud, sand, streams or stairs. Each chair will be made to order, according to measurements and level of disability. For every 10 sold, one will be donated to a fire department to give away. (*tankchair.com*)



### METHOD ACTING

It may be the movie America is scared to see. But what's refreshing about *United 93*, Paul Greengrass's harrowing 9/11 thriller, is a starless cast that includes a number of people expertly playing themselves. The ensemble's default lead, FAA controller Ben Sliney, could give Robert De Niro lessons in authenticity.

### NOSTALGIA OVERLOAD

Two of the most distinct voices of the '90s, Matthew Sweet and Susanna Hoffs (formerly of the Bangles), come together on *Under the Covers, Vol. 1*, to pay tribute to their influences—Bob Dylan, Neil Young, Linda Ronstadt, the Beach Boys, etc.

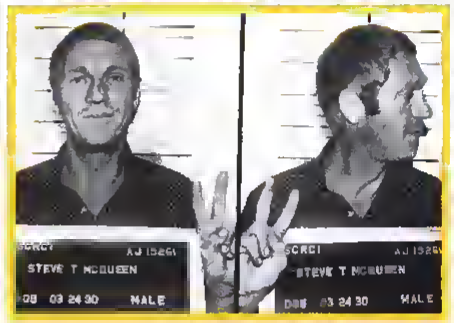


### SEWER MATS

Patterned after the old-school, utilitarian manholes, the Feet First throw rugs at Perpetual Kid are perfect for anyone looking to add a little urban aesthetic to their suburban stoop. (*perpetualkid.com*)

### YOU'LL LAUGH, YOU'LL CRY, IT'S BETTER THAN CATS

Andrew Lloyd Webber's songs, Louise Pitre's voice and Evelyn Hart's and Rex Harrington's feet star in *Song & Dance*, at Toronto's Danforth Music Hall from May 9 to 28.




## SAY CHEESE!

Lenin, Stalin and Castro. Bill Gates and Kobe Bryant. The Rosenbergs. Malcolm X. All feature in Giacomo Papi's witty alternative history *Booked. The Last 150 Years Told Through 366 Mug Shots*. Other highlights: Robert Downey Jr. beaming, Steve McQueen flashing the peace sign, Frank Sinatra charged with "seduction," and Al Pacino swarthy in '61.

### HOW SWEDE IT IS

The Knife, Jens Lekman and Loney, Dear are three of the better known bands in the new Swedish pop music scene. Like Ikea furniture, their music is stylish and just a bit different, but doesn't sacrifice any broad appeal.

### TAKE A HIKE

Ten years in the making, B.C.'s North Coast Trail opens soon. Running along the northern tip of Vancouver Island, the seriously remote hiking path crosses streams, black rock beaches, and deserted bays. Like the West Coast Trail, it features boardwalks and bridges—but you won't need to book 90 days in advance. Yet. (*northernvancouverislandtrailssociety.com*)



### I, MAILMAN

Photographer Jeremy Borsos takes envelopes from Winnipeg's archives, goes to the address listed and snaps new photos of the destinations—pairing the envelopes and photos in his exhibit *Then Again* at Winnipeg's Plug In Gallery, until May 13. (*plugin.org*)

### LATE, GREAT SCOT

Craig Ferguson, of CBS's *The Late Late Show*, is late night's hidden gem—he's got a heavy Scottish accent, a wry sense of humour, is a novelist and a recovering alcoholic, and has a fascination with Winnipeg.

### STEAL THIS BOOK

Australian writer Peter Carey didn't win two Booker Prizes just on the strength of his twisted narratives. As the opening sentence to his new novel, *Theft: A Love Story*, shows, he knows how to pull readers in: "I don't know if my story is grand enough to be a tragedy, although a lot of shitty stuff did happen."

### THIS TIE CLEANS UP WELL

How many times have you been in need of a dishtowel, and had to settle with wiping your hands on your pants? Now you can reach for your tie instead. And unlike its silk counterparts, Atypyk's linen model can be chucked in the wash. (*atypyk.com*)

### MOVE OVER G.I. JOE

Check out the massive gun and the super camo outfits. These 12-inch replicas of soldiers from JTF2, Canada's elite special operations unit, have been designed by British modeller William Pryce-Thomas for the Great Canadian Action Figure Convention in Kingston, Ont., in August, where they'll be raffled off. (*gcafc.com*)

THE END

# JOBIE NUTARAK

1947-2006

## A skilled hunter and staunch traditionalist who seldom spoke English, he was Nunavut's first MLA

Jobie Nutarak was born on May 10, 1947, about 15 km from the hamlet of Pond Inlet on Baffin Island. In his early years, his family lived in Guys Bight, about 25 km as the crow flies east of Pond Inlet, or about 50 km by snowmobile or dog team. They led a traditional life, living off the land hunting seal, caribou and polar bear.

When he was still a young boy, his father died, and Jobie, his three brothers, sister and mother were forced to settle in Pond Inlet, where they found support within the community. From an early age, Jobie took to helping his family as well as many others in the community by hunting for food. He was a skilled, patient hunter, and went out as often as he could. "Any time of year, that's where he found peace," says Titus Allooloo, his closest friend, who met Jobie in Pond Inlet as a teenager.



The two hunted together often. Titus recalls going out by boat one fall to hunt caribou with Jobie. It was cold, about −10°C, with a fierce wind. When the pair returned to their anchored boat after a day's hunting, it had been swamped by waves. In the dark, Jobie waded into the icy water to retrieve some of their supplies, but they had nothing but a tarp to guard against the cold. To keep warm they would get up and run around in the dark. The sun came up at about 5 a.m., and they spent the day emptying the boat of water and sand. When they managed to restart one of its engines, an exhausted Jobie looked to his partner and said, "Wow, we can go home."

At the age of 17, Jobie left Pond Inlet for Churchill, Man., to go to trade school, where he studied basic mechanics and carpentry. But he was anxious to return home, and worried about his mother. He left Churchill after a year. Back in Pond Inlet, he met his wife, Joanna. They would have five children together (Dennis, Harvey, Marc, Angela, and Melanie).

Like many of his generation, Jobie's life spanned a time of dramatic social change in the North, as many of the traditional ways of life eroded and blended with the modern world of government and industry jobs and white culture. In the early 1970s, Jobie found work with Panarctic, a company doing oil exploration in the area. He got a licence to operate heavy machinery, and then used it to get a job at the airport in Pond Inlet, where for over 10 years he was in charge of maintenance. He later become the foreman of municipal services for the entire hamlet of Pond Inlet.

But Jobie maintained a strong interest in preserving the Inuit way of life. While naturally a quiet, calm man, he became active in a number of local groups promoting native language, hunting and land claims. He joined the board of a local education council and a land use committee looking into the impact of oil development in the region. He immersed himself in local politics.

In 1999, the territory of Nunavut was created—the first time the map of Canada changed significantly since Newfoundland joined Confederation in 1949. In Nunavut's first election, Jobie ran in the riding of Tununiq, which included Pond Inlet. He won handily, and on Feb. 15, 1999, became the first individual to be confirmed as an MLA in the newly created Nunavut. "I'm very, very happy," said Jobie that night. "It's going to be lots of fun, and lots of work."

Like many politicians, Jobie had his share of controversy, once suggesting abusive husbands should have more access to their wives in shelters. He later clarified he was implying that would facilitate marital counselling. But Jobie was best known in the legislature as a champion of "the traditional Inuit way of doing things," says Nunavut Finance Minister David Simailak. Jobie was elected to a second term in February 2004, and unanimously elected Speaker of the legislature. Although he was trumpeted as Nunavut's first unilingual Speaker, Jobie could speak passable English—he merely chose not to. It was his way of trying to preserve the Inuit language, says James Arvaluk, a long-time friend and his constituency assistant. Even at an international meeting, he would bring along his own interpreter, James says.

Two years ago, James, Jobie and three young relatives were caught in a sudden storm while hunting. For a week they couldn't get home and ran out of supplies. The two worried the boys wouldn't get by living only off the land. But in the end, only the two old men were miserable without their tea and caffeine, James recalls.

On April 22, Jobie went hunting with three friends on snowmobiles. He was third in line when, about 400 km outside Pond Inlet, his companions looked back and noticed he hadn't appeared over a hill they had just crested. They went back and found him dead under his snowmobile. Jobie was 58. BY COLIN CAMPBELL

ILLUSTRATION BY SHARY BOYLE







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